

**WITH WAR MAP SUPPLEMENT.**

# The Eclectic Review

No. 10.

December 15, 1899.

Price 6d.

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## NOTICE.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW is published once a month. The subscription, payable in advance, is 1s. 9d. for three months, 3s. 6d. for six months, 7s. for twelve months. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to R. J. Nicholson, and crossed. The Office is at 7, NORTHUMBERLAND STREET, HIGHER BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, where all communications should be addressed. Correspondents will confer a favour by addressing distinctively either the PUBLISHER or the EDITOR of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, according to the nature of the business to which the communication refers.

TELEGRAMS: "NICHOLSON, HIGHER BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER."

TELEPHONE No. 41, BROUGHTON.

DECEMBER 15TH, 1899.

## ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year (a fact for which many of us are not sufficiently grateful), and during its brief reign the sentiments of

peace and goodwill, inseparable from the season, are wont to animate even the most morose. This year, however, with our country engaged in a most terrible and sanguinary conflict, we shall find it somewhat difficult to appreciate the truth of the universal message of peace promulgated throughout Christendom at Christmas. Never since the great Crimean War have we been engaged in an encounter of such magnitude, or whose issues were likely to be more momentous, or far reaching. And yet, when we compare the lot of those gallant heroes of the allied army, with that of our present brave soldiers in South Africa, we shall find legitimate cause for satisfaction, in the vastly improved arrangements which are made for the troops in the present day over those which obtained in 1854. When we reflect on how disease, exposure, and semi-starvation aided the bullets of the enemy in those days of long ago, we can but rejoice at the progress that is evident in the greatly increased care that is exercised on behalf of our soldiers at the front, both in health, and when laid low by injury or disease.

It is a pity that the exquisite art, and manifold labour which are entailed in the production of the modern Christmas Card, should of necessity require so long a period of preparation. As most of us are probably aware, the beautiful examples of artistic design, and technical skill

which make such a brilliant display at Yuletide, are usually conceived in the early months of the year, and are in active preparation long before the majority of us have settled the details of our summer holiday. If this were not the case, we should undoubtedly find these seasonable mementoes more appropriate and up to date, for search as you may in the well-stocked trays of the fashionable stationer, you will find nothing to indicate that our country is at war, still less is advantage taken of any peculiarity or striking characteristic of our enemies. Cleverly designed and executed cards, bearing good humoured and patriotic reference to the present state of affairs would be certain of a rapid sale, but how could the artist striving in the early days of 1899 to produce work that shall bear the mark of originality, combined with elegance, have possibly foreseen the future. Could he have done so, what a fortune would now lie at his feet.

IN conversation with some highly cultured musical souls the other day, I ventured to assert that in the humble opinion of the average mortal (meaning myself), the art of criticism would be more effectually carried out by the ordinarily intelligent man, who had some experience of concert going and a love for music, than by the professed musician. My musical friends did not agree with me, and maintained that the best critic would be he who was well acquainted with the technical details of harmony and counterpoint, and was, moreover, an adept as a performer on one or more instruments. My conviction, however, remains unaltered, and I think experience proves the truth of my contention. Certainly a learned criticism by an expert will afford abundant scope

for argument and dispute in the ranks of his profession, where the amateur critique would pass through the fire unscathed, and would probably prove more intelligible and interesting to the masses for whose benefit and edification the art of music (and any other art) primarily exists.

WHETHER all those who are entrusted with the duty of public criticism for the press are professional men or not, I do not know, but if we take some of the best known masters of the art, we shall find that they are usually but very poor hands in the performance of the art they criticise so ably. It matters little whether we consider music, the drama, or painting, the theory that the best critics are as a rule but poor professors holds equally good. I suppose Clement Scott will be very generally admitted to be one of the best dramatic critics that ever lived, but he was certainly no actor, and as a writer of plays his success was anything but striking. Ruskin towers above all as an art critic, but I doubt if his efforts with the brush would gain him admission to the Academy. So also with music. Like the medical specialist who will find pathological evidence of his favoured speciality in every patient that visits him, so will the professional musical enthusiast pay every attention to the most minute detail of the branch of music he favours, while failing to summarise a performance as a whole as efficiently as he who listens more as one of the public than as an expert.

THERE is another aspect of criticism which is none the less interesting and which adds weight to my contention that the art is not one in which familiarity with every detail and technical device is necessary. I refer to the delight-

fully contradictory notices which all may easily prove for themselves. Some time ago a play produced at a London Theatre was received by the critics with such decidedly "mixed" opinions that the manager conceived the happy thought of setting them off against each other, and for some days the London dailies contained long advertisements of quotations from the various criticisms, placed in parallel columns, each paragraph being a contradiction of its fellow. If "The Times" praised the cleverness of the plot, a paragraph opposite from the "Telegraph" remarked that the stupidity of the plot was really beyond belief. Certainly the scheme, while setting forth the wisdom of the professional critic, acted as an excellent advertisement. Again in a notice the other day of a high-class amateur orchestral concert in one of our great cities, I read regarding the performance of a symphony that the band were unable to cope with its difficulties, and that more rehearsals were needed. In a rival paper I find the symphony "was given in a style that would have done credit to any professional combination of instrumentalists." Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

LET me note one more aspect of this subject, and that is the curious effusions of the *really* amateur critic. They are very precious, although fairly common, and are met with chiefly in the provincial press, though the metropolis has on occasions contributed one or two gems. Here is a quotation from a daily in the north: "His delicate baritone blended with that delightful tremolo quality for which he is so distinguished." I trust the gentleman referred to appreciated the notice.

THIS also is worthy of record, and comes from a suburban London paper. It refers to the "Hymn of Praise."—"The crux of the whole work is undoubtedly the chorus, 'The night is departing,' a dangerous vortex in which many a choir has been hopelessly engulfed, the band and organist alone remaining above water. It was in this case successfully weathered." The gentleman who delivered himself of the above evidently missed his vocation. He should have been a sailor. Perhaps, however, he was one, and had, like St. Paul, "suffered shipwreck." One more example must suffice. I read in a provincial paper the account of a charity concert at which "in response to an encore the pianist did some tricks with half-a-crown." "O tempora! O mores!" what infinite possibilities are opened up by this genial pianist. We may, in the perhaps not remote future, read that Sarasate in response to vociferous applause, obliged the audience with an excellent example of Spanish step dancing, or Madame Albani, on returning to the platform, pleased the audience greatly by exhibiting her well-known feat of lifting the conductor with her teeth. Such incidents would doubtless lend variety to many of our concerts, and variety, as the Latin Grammar tells us, is charming to man, and, we may add, to Woman also.

WE are this month enabled to publish the first instalment of Mr. Hilder Libbis's valuable series of papers on the "Shakespeare Fabrications." We take this opportunity of directing our readers' attention to this fascinating account of one of the most remarkable deceptions in the annals of our country.

## SOME INDIAN SKETCHES.

## IV.—Suttee.

PASSING from marriage to death, we come to the subject of Suttee, or in other words the burning of widows alive, another gastly custom at one time prevalent among the natives, but happily now well-nigh suppressed by the Government of India. The origin of Suttee is not very clear. Suffice it to say that it is everywhere encouraged in the Shastras or Hindu Bible. It tells us, on some calculation of its own, that as there are 35,000,000 hairs on the human body, so many years will that woman remain in Heaven who ascends the pile with her deceased husband. It tells us that the woman who so sacrifices herself purifies her own family, and the family of her father and mother. It tells us that there is no greater virtue than for a woman to die with her lord, and lastly it also tells us that though her husband may have sunk into the very depths of hell, yet as a serpent-catcher unerringly drags a serpent from its hole, so does the widow who perishes by her husband's side draw that husband from hell and ascend with him to the highest heaven.

Now for a moment to describe the circumstances attending this terrible practice. Immediately on the death of her husband the widow declares, or rather used to declare, her intention to burn, and having made that declaration, nothing in the world will make her alter her mind. When the funeral pile is erected, and the husband's corpse is laid on it, the woman divests herself of her ornaments,

breaks a branch off a mangol tree, if one is at hand, and proceeds calmly to the spot. The family barber then puts in an appearance and paints the side of her face red, after which she bathes and adorns herself with fresh clothes. While this is going on the neighbouring villagers are summoned by a drum which gives forth a peculiar sound for the occasion. When all are assembled, prayers are offered up in which the widow joins. After this she distributes her ornaments, ties a piece of red cotton round her wrist, puts three new combs in her hair, and takes into the end of the cloth she wears some parched rice and other grains. Clarified butter is then poured over the husband's body. All the preparations being now ready, the widow walks seven times round the funeral pile, strewing rice and "korees," which are eagerly picked up by the crowd, being considered a preventative against all disease. And now the fatal moment arrives. A Brahmin gives the widow a large wick steeped in oil and lighted, holding which she ascends the pile, and setting fire to it in three different places, she lays herself down next to her husband. In many cases her eldest son lights the pile, and with the assistance of others, heaps on pitch and faggots and oil, till his mother's body is consumed. All concerned then bathe, and afterwards return to their houses as if nothing unusual had happened.

I may mention one or two other points to bring this fearful custom more vividly before my readers. A man's death has frequently involved many more than one such act of self sacrifice. I have read of a Brahmin who married no less than 25 wives, 13 of whom died during his lifetime, the remainder under-

going "suttee" and leaving a family of 30 children to bemoan the fatal effects of that diabolical custom. A still worse case is chronicled of another Brahmin who died, leaving close upon 100 wives. At the first kindling of the fire only three were present, but the fire was kept burning for several days, and as one by one arrived, they threw themselves on the blaze. Their ages varied from 40 to 16; the three first had lived with the Brahmin, the remainder had never even seen him.

But there is another thing connected with Suttee, perhaps the very worst feature of all, namely, that the victim's son is the widow's murderer. A case has indeed been known where the woman's courage failed her at the last moment, and she had even made her escape and hid herself in some neighbouring bushes when her own son discovered her hiding place, dragged her out, and insisted on her sacrificing herself with her husband. She pleaded for her life, she declared she could not endure the agony of such a death; she entreated pity for her children's sake, but it was all of no avail. The son, with the help of others, tied her hands and feet together and threw her on to the flames. And what action has Christian England taken to prevent this inhuman practice? For years nothing practical and decisive was done. The Governors General, one after the other, looked into the subject. Lord Cornwallis issued a half-and-half order that magistrates were to withhold their consent. Lord Wellesly promised to be energetic in its suppression, and called for opinions, but went no further. It was left to Lord William Bentinck, immediately on his

arrival in India, not merely to declare his abhorrence of the crime, but to deal boldly with the difficulties in the way of its abolition. He once for all declared it illegal, and that for the future it would be treated in every respect as murder. Year by year after this declaration energetic measures were adopted for its suppression, till now the crime is comparatively rare and is very seldom committed with impunity.

VERB. SAP.

## A GHOST STORY.

THE story I am going to tell is absolutely true. It is many years since I heard it, but it was told to me by the people to whom it happened.

A young girl and her father came to a certain seaport town for the yearly militia training. They took rooms in a house which was popularly supposed to be haunted, although they had not heard of it. On the day of their arrival, having had a long and tiring journey, Miss — went early to bed, and was almost asleep when a sweet-faced old lady stood by her bedside, asking if she were comfortable, "tucking her up," and expressing much anxiety for her well-being.

The next morning Miss — told her father of this.

"Oh, I suppose it was the landlady," said he.

"No," responded Miss —, "she was not in the least like the landlady. She was very thin and much older."

Colonel — said nothing more; but, knowing there was no one else in the house, thought

it rather a strange occurrence. Later in the day he asked the landlady if there had been any one with her the previous night, relating the circumstances of his daughter's visitor. She said "No," and was peculiarly reticent, seeming much confused and leaving the room hastily. This added much to Colonel ——'s misgivings.

Two or three days later his daughter took up a book, and, turning over the pages, came across a photograph.

"Look, father," she cried, "here is a photograph of the dear old lady who came to visit me the night of our arrival!"

Her father took it, and showed it to the landlady, who was very much agitated, and confessed that it was the picture of an old lady who had been murdered in the house many years before, and who reappeared at long intervals. As it invariably meant that people were alarmed and left her, and as her living depended upon letting her rooms, she always maintained profound silence. This was very wise, as events proved, for Colonel —— and his daughter left immediately.

A year or so afterwards some friends of mine took the next house, and have frequently told me of the strange and unnatural sounds proceeding from the haunted house at all hours of the day and night. In fact, so evil was its repute, that none except strangers coming into the town would occupy the houses on either side. The haunted house itself was always known by the sign "To let" in its windows.

Perhaps, by this time, it may be a thing of the past, for all this happened many years ago.

## BUCKLOW HILL.

What sights we see in May,  
Or any Summer's day,  
On Bucklow Hill.

The cyclist that passes—  
The lads and the lasses,  
All others surpasses;  
There's a chance for the asses  
To scorch at their will  
Down Bucklow Hill.

That man who all starch is,  
His feet on the perches—  
Just notice the lurches—  
He's banged in the birches;  
And now what a spill  
On Bucklow Hill.

See, here comes a "flyer,"  
His nose on the tyre,  
And note now he's nigher,  
His face is on fire—  
He goes like "Old Will"  
Down Bucklow Hill.

Next comes the maiden pert,  
Her bran new cycling skirt,  
With light blue sash is girt—  
She makes one dash and spurt,  
Then flies down the hill—  
Down Bucklow Hill.

Then there comes finally  
The man with a family,  
Oh, see how cannily  
They take the hill;  
Father he leads the way,  
Then follow carefully  
Mother and family  
Right down the hill.

Such sights you see in May,  
Or any Summer's day,  
On Bucklow Hill.

F. S.

## A NOVEL OF THE MONTH.

"RED POTTAGE." (Mary Cholmondeley).

Edward Arnold.

THERE are so many books written nowadays which are a pure waste of time to read, that one cannot help hoping that their authors have more time to waste than we have. "Red Pottage" is therefore all the more welcome, for not only is it one of the minority that are well worth the reading, but it is, we think, the promise of something even better in the future. It is a depiction of character rather than a connected story. There is little or no plot, and what there is of it is rather hackneyed, though perhaps the setting is in part somewhat novel.

It has been said elsewhere that the author has spoilt the book by attempting too much; that the story is not connected; that it is in fact two independent histories of two friends. This is no doubt true, but we do not think it has spoilt the book. It depends entirely, of course, upon the view taken of it. We do not think the author intended it, and we do not ourselves take it as a connected and thrilling story throughout—not that the interest really lags more than once—so much as a study of a rather weak character in the person of the hero, and also perhaps an opportunity for airing her views on the question of friendship between women; indeed we are not at all sure but that this was her one and only object. In any case she has done so very unobtrusively, and at the same time given in a very masterly way the characters of one or two very interesting people.

The chief fault that can be found with "Red Pottage," is that the author has laid herself open to the charge of allowing her petty spite to master her better feelings in describing the character of a very objectionable type of person. But as one reads further on into the book, this character develops into something worse than one is given at first to suppose, and what read as petty spite is perhaps justifiable wrath against the full depths to which the character that she had in her mind could descend. But of this she unfortunately gives us no hint in the beginning. We are not at all sure, however, that it was quite necessary to paint this type quite as repellant as she has, and all the incidents dealing with this character read rather as personal experiences which the author has had with a man whom she has reason to hate, than as necessary for the depiction of a character which, without the aid of such incidents, might be difficult to appreciate.

No such difficulty occurs in the case of the hero, however. He is neither very lovable or the reverse. He is just an ordinary every-day young man of the world, perhaps weaker and somewhat more ignoble. Or is it rather that he gives in to his weakness and indecision of character and purpose more than most of us would consider compatible with a man who is to be respected by his fellow men? We, ourselves, have no respect for him, and never at any time feel much sympathy in his troubles other than his weakness and inability to make up his mind. We are all of us more or less inherently weak, and the will which we so proudly call our own is usually very easily influenced by others, and still more frequently

by circumstances, so that it will not be difficult, we think, for any one to appreciate this character. Indeed, great credit is due to the author to so draw it that we can appreciate it without being carried away by our feelings, and thus condole with him over the results of his want of determination.

A still more interesting character—though our interest is possibly very largely due to the fact that we are left very much in the dark with regard to him—is that of the man whose will is his own, and with whom, of course, the hero inevitably comes to grief. It is difficult to say whether we admire this character or not. In any case we can only do so at a distance, and standing by the side of his author who we think did admire him.

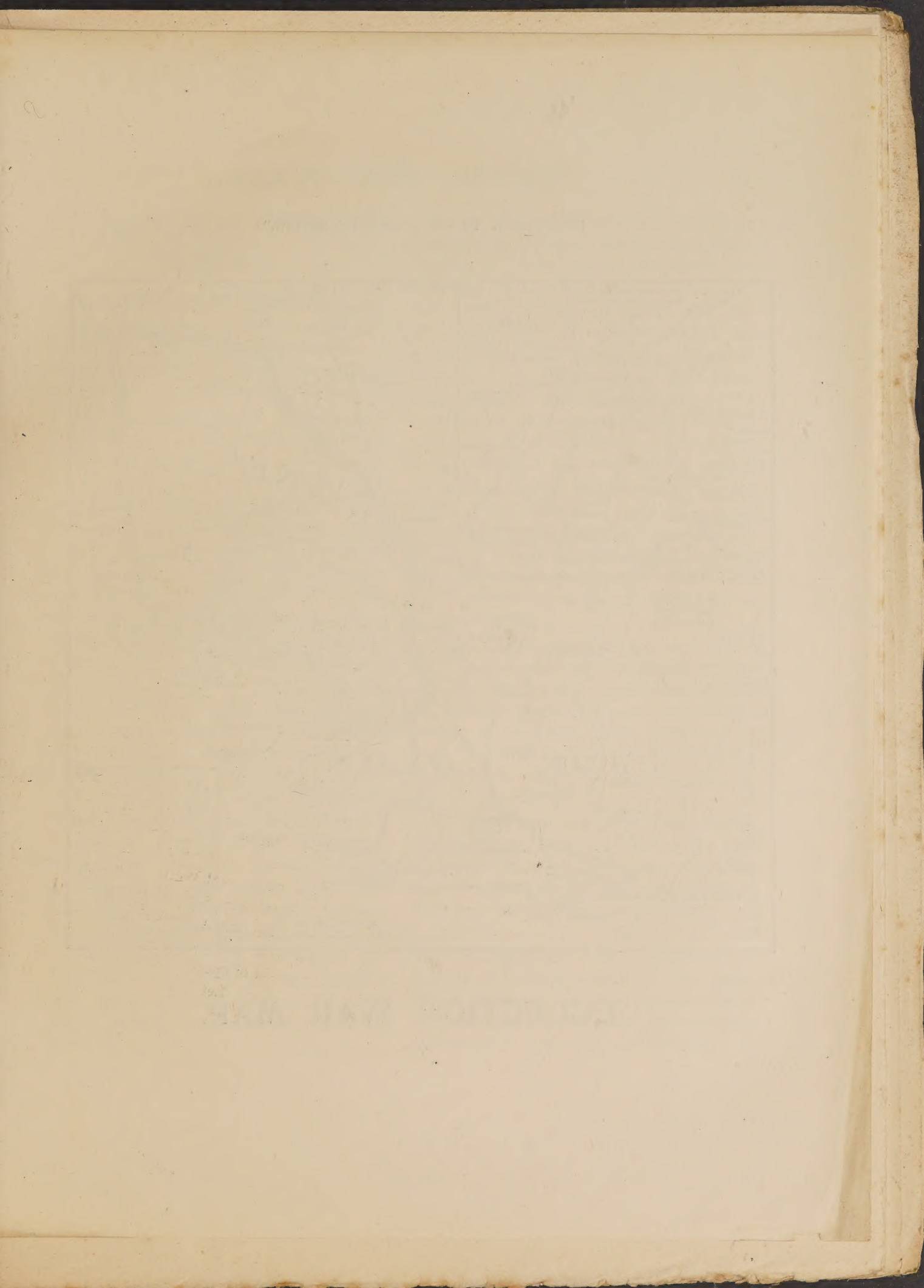
The heroine is a woman one can both respect and love. She is good—the goodness of character resulting from the successful combating of human weakness and temptation. Had she not known what it is to be weak and tempted, and had her victory been less complete than it was, it would have been impossible for her to have loved anyone so flaccid as the hero. Indeed, her love for him was by no means spontaneous, but rather the necessary result of a woman, who is very susceptible to the feelings of others, being loved passionately, no matter what the character of him who loves her may be.

There are many more characters in the book, all nearly equally well drawn, and all very human, and such as one meets with in every-day life: those that we like, and those that we cannot like, some that we admire, and some that we despise, and others who will always have our sympathy; but all as given to us here are interesting.

JAMES BLISS.

## THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE popularity of the War Map we published as a supplement last month, has induced us to repeat it again with this issue. It is impossible for a monthly periodical to attempt the publication of late news; such excellent *resumé* of the movements in this great war are published in the daily and weekly papers, that any repetition on our part would be fatuitous. Last month we were enabled to present to our readers an excellent article on the Naval Brigade, from a special correspondent, of whose valued services, however, circumstances have unfortunately deprived us. Although we do not intend to describe the status quo, which, though in every way correct at the time of writing, would possibly be superseded by rapid movements before it reached our readers' hands, we realise that great benefit may be derived from an accurate map of that part of South Africa where our troops are concentrated. That such a map may be conveniently carried in the pocket, is also a further feature. Readers may observe the various positions of our advancing brigades: Lord Methuen at Modder River; General Gatacre, news of the disaster to whose column reaches us as we go to press; General Clery, who is advancing to the relief of Ladysmith and General White. The exact location of General Sir Redvers Buller is uncertain. These brief indications of the heightened interest assured by keeping an intelligent map of the field of operations always at one's elbow must suffice. Let us hope that ere long a War Map of South Africa will be unnecessary.



[SUPPLEMENT TO THE "ECLECTIC REVIEW."]



"ECLECTIC" WAR MAP.

## INTELLECTUAL FORCING-HOUSES.

To assert nowadays that there is no Royal Road to knowledge, betrays an archaic comprehension of up-to-date methods. We have in our midst intellectual forcing-houses, from which, in a few months, may be procured on payment of a trifling sum, a technical education equal to that produced by the protracted courses of old-fashioned colleges.

It is to be supposed there are few, if any, of our readers who have ever been to a "Night-school." The suggestion of possibility is made with the deference due to refined and cultivated tastes, to which the concomitants of a night-school are not always congenial. In a great city these night-schools are the crucible in which is achieved the fusion of all classes of society, of all ages, of all motives—artisans rub shoulders with those of gentle birth, grey-haired men pit a senile thirst for knowledge against adolescent curiosity, and the public school loafer, cheating the wasted hours, laps at the Fountain of Secondary Education. Birth, trade, profession—all are of no account, so that you pay the nominal fee and maintain a semblance of attention, you are admitted. No Christian Socialism has ever attained greater equality of privilege. The "Now, gentlemen," with which the "teacher" prefaces his lecture is of considerable significance. We are all "gentlemen" at a night-school. And "teacher"—well, "teacher" in conjunction with "gentleman," smacking of the Board School, determines our status in this strange new scale.

Thus an artisan, whose life has hitherto been blameless and contented, becomes on a sudden inspired to higher things. He thirsts for knowledge; he itches for familiar acquaintance with the cabalistic "Gamma," and the effeminate "Beta;" he craves to subjugate the sciences by which the work he performs is determined. It would, however, be difficult to say whether his aspirations are spontaneous or prompted by the advertisements of educational opulence which competing schools profess to impart. From perusal of these he deduces convincing proof that at the end of six months' assiduous toil, he will be in possession of knowledge sufficiently intimate to criticise, and if necessary, amend the calculations of those to whose early advantages fatuous conventionality has vouchsafed an undeserved superiority of position and wages.

There is, naturally, an attractiveness in this to one temperamentally disposed to restlessness, and even the most contented of us would not willingly ignore a means so easy of rising superior to our station in life. There can be little doubt that to this is due the increasing popularity of night schools—not generally to a desire of information.

As a superstructure upon a thorough elementary foundation, with each course spread over a considerably longer period than is now the case, these night schools might prove beneficial. They have, however, succumbed to the prevailing spirit of superficiality and "scrappiness," with the natural result that a deficient knowledge of rudimentary science will either establish an altogether inadequate idea of its value in the mind of the student, who can then apply the advanced work only with difficulty; or

else he will throw up his subject in despair at ever being able to master its intricacies.

There is another fault under this head, which is worth mentioning. Knowing that elementary arithmetic will probably constitute the student's sole mathematical equipment, the more advanced applied subjects have to be so adapted to circumstances that in many cases an extremely circuitous solution is substituted for one more direct, but less elementary. Many valuable formulæ are thus lost, being replaced by those of such a cumbersome nature, that students will not trouble to commit them to memory. In the majority of cases it is impossible, for the same reason, to attempt proofs of formulæ.

In discussing the matter of insufficient elementary education, we are attacking a momentous question of National importance, and for this we are but ill-equipped. We may, however, remind our readers that the raising of the age at which a child may leave school, from eleven to twelve years, was practically achieved by Mr. Robson's Bill in the House of Commons, on March 1st of the present year.\* But it is not upon legal coercion that the success of technical education will depend. Children—especially boys—must voluntarily be allowed to remain at day schools until such time—say fifteen years old—as they are thoroughly grounded in the elements of arithmetic, algebra, and geometry. They will then be in a position to take up a science course in the evenings, serving their time in the workshops during the day. This does not, of course, apply to the non-scientific subjects required by a clerk.

Night schools, as now understood, thus

\* See "Eclectic Review" for Nov. 15, 1898.—ED.

labour under a dual disadvantage. Not only are the classes composed of those who are entirely deficient in elementary grounding, or, what is practically the same thing, who have left school so long as to have forgotten the little they learned there, but the courses are perforce compressed into half the time it would take to thoroughly treat the various subjects. This is presumed due to the difficulty experienced in inducing students to attend classes during the summer months. The result is frequently nothing more or less than mere "cramming" of a highly undesirable character. Since the grant from the Science and Art Department is essential for the economical continuation of these classes at popular rates, the course prescribed by that Department must be adhered to. The two alternatives open to night schools desirous of more efficacious results are these: either the classes must be held all through the year, with two short breaks, or pressure must be brought to bear on South Kensington to modify the curriculum. At present the stress laid upon the attainment of success in the examination at the end of each course produces every evil of competitive education in an aggravated form.

R. J. NICHOLSON.

### GHOST STORY COMPETITION.

The response to our offer made last month was disappointing. It was not necessary to increase our staff to deal with the labour of opening the contributions sent in, and judging of their merits. The task was simplicity itself. The winning story is printed elsewhere. Will the writer kindly communicate with us? It was sent in without name or address.

## OPEN LETTERS.

## At a Bazaar.

DEAR —

I know you are interested in all such things as Bazaars, Sales of Work, and other kindred subjects. For my part anyone who is enveigled inside the hall, or room, where such function is being held, either for the purpose of buying or selling, may both demand, and receive my deepest sympathy.

A young man drops into the bazaar in the evening to meet his friends who are helping to sell, or perhaps to see one of the side-shows in which someone he knows is taking part; or, maybe he is a parishoner and wishes to spend a little money in making one or two purchases, and what befalls him?

The hour he spends there is a burden to him, and he vows it is the very last bazaar he will ever attend; for he is encompassed on all sides by girls pleading for the usual 3d., 6d., or 1s., as the case may be, for a raffle they are "trying so hard to get up," and after a time their unfortunate victim, who, in all probability has already spent more than he has to spare, is obliged to yield to their pleadings.

On the other hand, one must put in a good word for those who are willing to stand for hours together selling at a stall, for there is nothing so fatiguing as this, particularly when you bear in mind that many who thus sacrifice themselves are accustomed to an easy and luxurious life at home. For my own part I must admit that I rather enjoy it, and it certainly teaches one to sympathise with those

who, day after day, and year after year, are doomed to stand behind a counter. There certainly are times when one is very much inclined to lose one's temper. For instance, the other day I was helping to sell at a friend's stall, when three young women came up, tempted by some pretty tiles made for hot-water can stands, which we had for sale. After much consultation and deliberation their spokeswoman decided upon a blue tile, and with this I retired behind the stall to make it into a neat little parcel, which was done under enormous difficulties, for the "wrapping-up" accommodation was almost nil. When I was just about to present the parcel to her she calmly remarked; "I've changed my mind. I think I would like the other one!" I may here mention that the price of the said article was sixpence.

What a delightfully easy way the clergy have of surmounting difficulties, and evading the law. I heard a curate get on the platform and make the following statement: "We have no licence for cigars, but anyone who wishes to smoke may pay threepence and go into one of the rooms upstairs, where *he will be given a cigar!*" I once asked the same curate if he would take one of my raffle tickets. He answered, with a charming smile, that he would very much like to, but his rector did not approve of raffling, *for the clergy, of course.*

My experience of bazaars is distinctly limited, for which I am sorry, as they are things I find, in spite of their drawbacks, to be most interesting, particularly as a place in which to study human nature—both at its best and worst.—Yours,

K. C. N.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE IRELAND FAMILY AND THE IRELAND SHAKS- PEARIAN FABRICATIONS.

### PART I.

SAMUEL Ireland, William Henry's father, had carried on a silk manufactory at 19, Weaver Street, and 7, Duke Street, Spitalfields, and also afterwards at 2, Star Court, Bread Street. His partner in this concern, Sellins by name, had, through dissipation and extravagance, caused Samuel to retire altogether from business, which gave him leisure to follow his literary and artistic tastes.

His family, who lived in Arundel Street, Strand, consisted of a lady housekeeper, Mrs. Anna Maria Freeman, an accomplished and clever woman; his daughters, Anne Maria and Jane; and his son William Henry, called Samuel by his father in memory of an elder son who had died young, and was so named. Mr. Samuel Ireland's love of art and nature led him to wander through different parts of England and Wales, sketching objects of interest along the banks of the principal rivers. He published accounts of these "Picturesque Tours," embellished with aqua-tinted plates. These tours comprised The Thames, Medway, Severn, Avon, and Wye, London Inns of Court, and Through Holland, Brabant, and part of France.

He exhibited some drawings at the Royal Academy in 1784, and he had gained the medal of the Society of Arts in 1760, for some of his productions, and he had made a large collection

of original drawings and paintings by Hogarth, from which he published etchings by his daughters and himself from time to time. Other etchings and engravings executed by this artistic family were from pictures and drawings by John Hamilton Mortimer, a friend and neighbour of the Irelands when they left Arundel Street for number 8, Norfolk Street, Strand, in 1791. The etchings from Hogarth he afterwards published in a book with letterpress description, called "Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth, etc."

Some other friends of the Irelands were the Linleys, of Bath, who had removed from there to Norfolk Street, after R. B. Sheridan had married Eliza Linley in so romantic a manner. Mr. Linley, as well as Sheridan, being one of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, Wm. Julius Mickle, the poet, James Bindley, of the Stamps Office, an antiquary, and many others of literary, theatrical, and antiquarian proclivities, might be included in the list.

William Henry, Samuel Ireland's only surviving son, was born in London, in 1777, and first attended a school kept by a Mr. Harvest, at the back of Kensington Square; from there he went to Mr. Shury's Academy at Ealing. On one occasion, on returning home for his holidays from this Academy, he was made the bearer of a letter in which his father was informed that he was so stupid as to be a disgrace to the school, and that to keep him longer would be

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We are glad to acknowledge a copy of the "Church Review" for November 16. These thoughtful attentions are much appreciated. Will readers who are kind enough to send copies of journals please indicate the paragraphs they wish to be noticed?

robbing Mr. Ireland of his money, and that he would much rather that William Henry should not be sent back after the holidays. His next school was Dr. Barrow's Academy in Soho Square, and he remained there about a year, when he was found to be in a weak state of health, and was, in consequence, sent to Amiens, in Picardy, with a view to the change benefiting his health.

Before his journey to France, having a great liking for anything connected with the stage (as a child he would make pasteboard theatres), originating probably from intercourse with many theatrical friends of the family; having free access through the Linleys to Drury Lane Theatre, both before and behind the curtain at all times, he took part in a dramatic performance at R. B. Sheridan's house in Burton Street, the "Gentle Shepherd" and "Ben Tor" being played. We also hear of him occasionally at Soirées given by Sir Francis Lumm, in Argyle Street, when he was about 13 years of age. At this house much high play went on. Dorothy Jordan (then thought to be the wife of Ford), Captain Bayley, Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey, and Captain Hill and his wife (a daughter of Lord Molesworth), the Miss Dalrymple and Lady Collier, famed for pilfering card money, being usually present. William Henry remembered that Dorothy Jordan was the admiration of all present, and when the Duke of Clarence's overtures were known, Lady Lumm was heard to counsel Dorothy to refuse them as she was sure no good would accrue from the princely association. In the same packet boat which conveyed William Henry and his father to France was Mr. Ford, son of Sir Richard Ford, chief magistrate of Bow Street,

who was in a most depressed condition because of the severance of his connection with Dorothy Jordan, who in this year, 1790, became mistress of the Duke, afterwards William IV., the only person he held converse with on the boat being Samuel Ireland.

From Amiens, William Henry was sent to the College of Eu in Normandy, after which he visited Paris and other places with his father, who came over to fetch him home after over three years absence, which years, William Henry stated, were the happiest of his life. Samuel Ireland, probably made his tour through Holland, Brabant, and part of France, the year before he took his son to Amiens, and had sketched the Bastille, then in course of demolition (September, 1789) after its capture by the Revolutionists.

On William Henry's return to London, he experienced some difficulty in speaking his native tongue, and for years after would overload his conversation with French phrases.

His father would, at this period, read aloud to his family Shakespeare's plays, for which he had a most exalted admiration. He viewed Shakespeare as a god among men, and the most trivial details of the Poet's life were sought for by him with avidity. At this time hope had not been given up that MSS. of Shakespeare, or MSS. concerning him would turn up, and old records and probable places were diligently searched for the slightest information which would throw light on this extraordinary dramatist. Samuel Ireland's enthusiasm was not confined to Shakespeare, but he made his house a regular museum of curiosities, and spent much time and money in search of antiquities and relics interesting to him. The following

are a few of the curiosities he had in his possession, and which were sold at his death: Wickliffe's vestment; James II., Ribbon of the Garter; Charles the First's cloak; Anne Boleyn's purse; Mary Queen of Scot's gloves; Cromwell's buff jacket; Sir P. Sydney's cloth jacket (given to S. Ireland by the Earl of Warwick); Lord Southampton's emblazoned banner (time of Elizabeth); three crystal lockets which belonged to James I., Charles I., and Queen Anne, respectively; Addison's fruit knife and shagreen box; lock of Edward the Fourth's hair; lock of Louis the Sixteenth's hair; etc., etc.

Some time after William Henry's return from France, he was articled to a Mr. Bingley, a Conveyancer in Chancery, who carried on his profession in chambers in New Inn. At this William Henry began to evince a fondness for antiquities—no doubt from his father's example—and he would use every endeavour to procure some rarity in order to astonish and please his father; and he met with such success in this pursuit, that J. Bindley, a well-known antiquary, who used to visit the Irelands, would ask him to produce his treasures, and congratulate him on his good fortune. His fondness for old books led him to imitate Chaucer and others, and he wrote good verses in this style and in the old phraseology. He filled his bedroom with a collection of portions of old armour, missing pieces he would make up with pasteboard. At this period his father read aloud "Love and Madness," by Herbert Croft, and the fate of Chatterton told therein affected him so strongly that he envied him his career, and even his tragical end. About 1793, William Henry accompanied his father on a tour through

Warwickshire, the latter's object being to make drawings for his projected work of "The Picturesque Views on the Warwickshire Avon." On their arrival at Stratford-on-Avon they visited all the places likely to throw any light upon Shakespeare, and in this they were accompanied by the "Stratford Poet," and ex-carpenter, by name John Jordan, who had before this endeavoured, on his own account to procure additional information relating to the great dramatist. They called upon an old tradesman named Sharpe, whose shop was opposite the "Falcon Inn," where our travellers put up. Sharpe was in possession of the remains of the famous mulberry tree, from which so many mementoes of Shakespeare had been carved. Mr. Ireland purchased from him a goblet which had been carved from this wood many years back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always very glad to hear from our readers, and to publish such letters as are likely to be of general interest. The receipt of a letter always implies a compliment; it suggests that we have succeeded in creating a certain interest in our paper. Correspondence should be terse and pithy, WRITTEN ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY, and signed by a *nom de plume*, if the writer does not wish the real name to appear. No notice will be taken of anonymous correspondents. We do not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed by correspondents.

Good wishes for the success of the "Review" have come to us from all directions. This is very encouraging, and we hereby beg to express our gratitude. Such hearty goodwill is sufficient assurance of our increasing success.

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# The Eclectic Review

No. II.

January 15, 1900.

Price 6d.

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## NOTICE.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW is published once a month. The subscription, payable in advance, is 1s. 9d. for three months, 3s. 6d. for six months, 7s. for twelve months. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to R. J. Nicholson, and crossed. The office is at 7, NORTHUMBERLAND STREET, HIGHER BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, where all communications should be addressed. Correspondents will confer a favour by addressing distinctively either the PUBLISHER or the EDITOR of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, according to the nature of the business to which the communication refers.

TELEGRAMS: "NICHOLSON, HIGHER BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER."

TELEPHONE No. 41, BROUGHTON.

## ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

WAR, and nothing but war is in the air, it meets us at every turn, it is impossible to greet a friend in the street without alluding to the subject of the hour, nor can the mid-day luncheon be discussed without also discussing the latest news from South Africa. In like manner, I feel that I can scarcely keep this column free from the all-absorbing topic, though one's better judgment and common sense might reasonably argue that as the question is mooted "ad nauseam" in every paper and periodical, and discussed with vigour and warmth in 'bus, tram, and train, it might reasonably be allowed to remain conspicuous by its absence in this little section of the "Eclectic Review," which professes to treat of things in general. But on the other hand, when we gather up the tidings that reach us from the front, we can scarce keep silence, and the tongue can but utter, or the pen record, what the heart only too sorely, too bitterly feels. For, look at it as we will, twist and turn the story of the war as we may, the fact remains, that the proud boast of the Briton who would never be a slave, who has always looked with more or less scorn and contempt on every human being who did not happen to be able to claim birth under the

Union Jack has received a perhaps salutary, but none the less bitter, check. Contempt for our enemy has, not for the first time, brought us into sorry plight.

Of course, we shall win in the end, says the man in the street, and no doubt he is right. English courage, English pertinacity, and bulldog pluck, must and will triumph eventually; but when will the end be? and if it came to-morrow, how could it wipe out the past? Aye, how can any victories in the future bring back to life those brave and valiant men who have died so nobly for Queen and Country? How shall the widows that mourn receive comfort? and who can restore the father to the orphans that bewail his loss? These be sorry questions, my masters, and answers we have none, but it is such questions as these that must give us pause, when we speak of the glories of war, and the triumphs of victory. There is a reverse side to the shield, and so far our campaign at the Cape seems to have been dominated chiefly by it. A gleam or two of light has lately, thank God, pierced the gloom, and we shall all trust that the brightness may increase and spread, until from the fields of carnage and bloodshed may be evolved a welcome, a blessed, and a lasting peace.

TURNING from the subject of war and its horrors, let us glance at a subject even more familiar, and in some respects equally disastrous. If war has slain its hundreds, we may confidently assert that influenza is responsible for the decease of thousands. This terrible scourge is once again amongst us, and though so far the more southerly districts, and Lon-

don especially, are chiefly affected, signs are not wanting that the whole country will feel its effects in a greater or less degree. It is certainly remarkable that so far medical science has been able to do so little to cope with this fell disease. Like the poor, it seems always with us, and yet with such plentiful opportunities for studying its onset, development, and progress, it must be confessed that so far as prophylactic, or curative remedies are concerned, matters are pretty much where they were when some years ago influenza visited these shores, and apparently found so congenial a home, that like many another alien, it has clung to us, and become naturalised. Ammoniated quinine, oranges, whisky, cinnamon, and a few more equally diverse compounds have been severally, or collectively extolled as remedial agents, but either they are valueless, or individual idiosyncrasy has cancelled their action, for the fact remains that influenza is as rife as ever. Neither do those infected by it seem to obtain much relief from medical science, either in the diminished length of the attack, or in the direction of mitigated suffering.

THERE is, it is said, nothing new under the sun, that even our most ingenious inventions have been anticipated, and applied by our far distant forefathers ages ago, and that then having served their purpose, they have gradually become obsolete and forgotten, and their secrets have been lost, until re-discovered in more recent times, they re-appear with all the glamour of novelty. Perhaps as the modern pharmacopœia seems to contain no drugs that have any specific action on the influenza fiend,

we might do worse than ransack the medical stores of the physicians of the past, in the hope that amongst the truly formidable list of concoctions, animal, vegetable, and mineral, employed by them, we may light upon the desired elixir. I was glancing the other day at an old medical work, bearing date 1703, and the truly terrible compounds that suffering humanity was compelled to swallow in the seventeenth century, would almost pass belief. Some of the remedies most strenuously advocated for various complaints are too repulsive and disgusting for publication, but amongst milder palliatives, I find, the livers of green frogs, the gall of a black cat, and the blood of a hunted hare. A much vaunted specific for epilepsy consists of the powdered skull of one that has died a violent death, while the spirit, oil, and volatile salt, made from the blood of a beheaded criminal, all have their uses in the therapeutics of the middle ages. Ignorance is doubtless bliss, and possibly so long as their origin was kept a secret, the mere taste of such concoctions as are mentioned above would be no worse than that of the more modern potions. But it is perhaps scarcely possible to find our influenza antidote in such a category, for the mere process of research, when carried out "in corpore vilo," would probably be sufficient to deter the most enthusiastic searcher after truth.

WHAT a pity it is that the public taste and the opinions of the crowd do not cry in no uncertain way for the reform of the modern pantomime. When we consider that this form of entertainment occupies the stages of our leading theatres throughout the country for

about a fourth of the whole year, it must surely be admitted that it is not very creditable to the critical and discriminative faculties of those who attend our temples of Thespis at this time of the year, that they should accept with equanimity, and even raptuous delight, the deadly, dreary, vulgar trash that in very many theatres not only passes muster, but gains "deafening applause," fills the treasury, and calls "wreathed smiles" to the managerial countenance. Of course there are exceptions. Here and there, up and down the country, one will discover a fairy play, free from vulgarity, endowed with light, yet tasteful music, a story that can be followed by all, and happy in complete freedom from the music hall artists, whose specialities, when dragged neck and crop into the midst of what should be a pleasant and connected story, serve to woefully distort and destroy any element of artistic work that may have found their way into the author's original production. The perfect pantomime has yet to appear, and for intelligent managers, and clever authors, there should be a gold mine yet unexplored, with the additional recommendation that its treasures would be secured by the exercise of legitimate ingenuity and skill, and not by the stringing together of an unintelligible hotch-potch of verbosity and athletics.

R. W. W.

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## SOME INDIAN SKETCHES.

## A YEAR OF LABOUR.

## V.—Curious Marriages.

IN connection with wedding festivities there is one very curious custom which prevails in some parts of India, that of marrying trees to one another. Some Hindoos hold that though their children may do so, neither a man nor his wife is justified in eating any of the fruit of a "tope" of mangoe trees which they may have planted, till they have married one of the trees to another in close proximity. The custom is a most extraordinary one, for in the marriage of trees the owners insist upon as much ceremony, and often go to as much expense, as they would at the marriage of their own daughters. A tamarind tree is generally the favourite bride among trees, and a story is told of a mangoe being once engaged to a tamarind when the latter died. With great pomp and much ceremony the mangoe tree, after a decent lapse of time, was married to a jasmine, and the old owner and his wife then felt themselves justified in partaking of the crop of mangoes in the following year. But it is not only trees that are intermarried. Among the Hindoos the man who went to the expense of making a "tank," or reservoir, did not dare to drink of its waters till he had married his new possession to a banana tree, planted on the bank for the purpose.

VERB. SAP.

## WILL YOU HELP US

By showing this copy to a friend?

A GLANCE through the Trades Union Statistics for 1899, discloses the significant fact that no less than eighteen organisations have disappeared during the twelve months. Of these organisations five are in the textile trades, five in the printing, three in the pottery, three in agriculture, and two in transport. Accompanying this diminution of organisations is a decrease in membership of 55,000. These figures are somewhat remarkable, as showing a reaction from what had taken place during the two previous years. In 1897 there were 149 organisations, against 159 in 1898, and 147 in 1899, or two more than there are existent to-day; and a membership of 1,093,191 members, against 1,176,896 in 1898, and 1,120,163 in 1899. To what this extraordinary falling off is due, it is difficult to say. Whether the fashionable "combine" has so far influenced the Labour World as to produce amalgamations with a leakage of membership, or whether the disastrous strikes for which 1898 was notable has had a deterrent effect on working men, we leave it to those acquainted with trades union organisations to decide. A year of good trade has resulted in high wages and a consequent lack of grievances sufficiently plausible to agitate the minds of hard-headed bread winners.

The Trades Union Congress which was held at Bristol last year, was barren of any practical result. A number of resolutions were passed, many of them affecting questions of real importance, such as we would wish to see more frequently and exhaustively considered

at these meetings, forming part of that socialism which is supposed to underlie all co-operative movements, but which is too often obscured by the noisy blatancy of strike agitators.

The Federation of Trade Unions, whose intentions are constantly thwarted by internal squabbles, has made but little progress towards the realisation of its ideals. At the meeting held in Manchester, last January, little was done beyond the selection of a title. This is to be the "General Federation of Trade Unions."

The dispute in the cotton spinning trades, which lasted from January to March, was finally settled without recourse to a strike, by the masters conceding an advance of sevenpence in the pound, an amendment to the five per cent. demanded in the earlier stages. 75,000 work-people were affected by this decision, and a crisis, the results of which might have crippled the entire trade, was thus avoided.

The most serious dispute in 1899 was that by which the whole of the building trades were affected. Commencing in January by an attempt on the part of the operative plasterers to enforce measures of coercion on the firemen, the dispute gradually spread to the other trades, and the uncompromising obstinacy of the men produced a partial lock-out which, however, affected only 2,500 men out of a total of 162,648 who are members of the various societies. A basis of discussion for a general conference was finally arranged, and the dispute, after dragging on a profitless existence for six months, terminated in July.

The most important feature of the past

twelve months is the attention the Home Secretary has been compelled to give to the conditions under which the "dangerous trades" are carried on. In May, 1899, Professors Thorpe and Oliver, and Dr. Cunningham presented to the Home Secretary a joint report on the manufacture of lucifer matches. They state that the use of yellow phosphorus, without which we cannot, under present conditions, attempt competition with Continental manufacturers, is not dangerous to workpeople if proper precautions are taken. This, of course, is perfectly understood, and the learned gentlemen who framed this report must be as fully cognisant as we are of the fact that the law is quite sufficient if it were actively enforced. Professor Thorpe seemed to realise this in the report on the manufacture of pottery which he presented during the same month. The unspeakable diseases which accompany the employment of raw lead in glazing, were dealt with in our issue for February, 1899, and need not be gone into here. It is acknowledged that the majority of this ware can be glazed without lead; but in certain cases the use of fritted double silicate may be countenanced. Raw lead, urged Professor Thorpe, should be absolutely prohibited. Strictures should be laid upon the employment of young persons and women in the operation of lead glazing, and adult males subjected to systematic medical inspection.

This exhausts Parliamentary effort on the subject of dangerous trades, and is quite inadequate, as is only to be expected.

A rumour, which we cannot believe to be true, has reached our knowledge, to the effect that a general strike of railway men is again

being organised. Taking advantage of the dearth of men owing to the calling out of the Reserves and other causes, Mr. Bell considers the time ripe to enforce the redress of certain alleged grievances. To persist in such a course of action can only have one result, the total alienation of all public sympathy from participants in such criminal disloyalty. For this reason, if for no other, we can readily decline to believe that the railway-men will be so short-sighted as to court certain disaster.

THE KNOBSTICK.

## THE BATTLE OF MAGERS-FONTEIN.

With "Colonel" Wauchope in command,  
At early dawn, a little band,  
Composed of Britain's truest steel,  
Renowned for energy and zeal,  
Marched forth, long e'er the sun did rise,  
To take the foemen by surprise.

First come the gallant "Forty-twa"—  
The bravest troops the world e'er saw,  
Who know the game and served their time  
In every land, in every clime.

The Seaforths and the Gordons gay,  
With Coldstreams cut a grand display,  
No finer men had Kharki dressed—  
They were the flow'r of Britain's best.

They march along with swinging stride,  
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,  
Each chatter gaily to his mate  
Of "wiping something off a slate."

All full of vigour, void of fear,  
No thought of danger being near;  
But eager each to do his best,  
And trusted God to do the rest.

Each knew his comrade's heart was true;  
Each knew the work was his to do;  
Each side by side had often fought;  
They knew not fear, they flinched at nought.

Each now and then would launch his joke,  
Or tell the deeds of brave Wauchope;  
Or speak of wife and sweetheart dear;  
Or tell again his own career

Of battles lost, of battles won—  
Of strife, of dangers overcome,  
Of memories that linger sweet  
For those they hope again to meet.

And thus with joking, laughter, song,  
With lighter hearts they tramp along.  
Quoth one, of sturdy Highland birth,  
"Hey, Jock, let's ha'e 'Cock o' the North.'"

And now with lighter step they tread,  
With shoulder back, erected head;  
Whilst some think of their foe, the Boer,  
And some are wishing war was o'er.

When crash! as though a thunder bolt,  
And loudly rings the order, "Halt,"  
(No need that order to repeat),  
"Ho! Seaforths, Argylls, men, 'Retreat!'"

"Retreat!" the remnant backward drew,  
A weakened, though undaunted few;  
But reinforced by Gordon men,  
They form in line and charge again.

Fierce was the charge, fierce was the fight,  
Fast fell our men on left and right;  
The boom of gun and musket rattle  
Gave each to know how fierce the battle.

## A NOVEL OF THE MONTH.

"THE ISLAND." (Richard Whiteing).  
Grant Richards.

Cries of defiance, of despair,  
And curses filled the upper air;  
The cannon roared and carried far  
The dreadful carnage of the war.

Did ever earth behold such hell?  
Did ever Britons fight so well?  
O'er rock and hill they carved their way—  
Each man a hero was that day.

No flinching there, no thought of flight;  
Each held his sword or rifle tight,  
And cheered a loud and British cheer,  
For home and country loved so dear.

Each comrade missed from by his side  
His brother comrade, true and tried;  
But louder cheers still rent the sky,  
Then madly rushed to do or die.

Twas vain—for fortune favoured still  
The stubborn foemen on the hill;  
Outflanked, outnumbered, nought could stand;  
Our heroes fell on every hand.

Short raged the war, yet we must tell  
Eight hundred of our soldiers fell;  
All brave, all true, their country's pride,  
Who nobly fought, who nobly died.

None will forget that fearful scene,  
And surely not Magersfontein;  
For ages sire will tell the son,  
How fought the gallant Highlandman.

Oh, Scotland, in thy hour of grief,  
Think of thy sons and take relief;  
And ages ever will remind,  
And closer British hearts will bind.

A. S.

MR. WHITEING'S Utopia is a wondrous wee island. If Human Nature—that subtle disturber of the Ought-to-be's—is taken too little into account, and only the highest instincts reckoned with, we will not cavil at that. For he has at least shown us a community whose civilisation is ideally wrought, and which we may strive after, if not attain. And his "island"—ah, it is that blessed spot which we poor mortals, soaked in grime and smoke, dream of—and then awake.

"Blue sea, patches of coral sand, silver cascades gushing from the rocks; glory of trees and flowers, of clear skies, and of rainbow-tinted mists, flecking here and there the background of perfect turquoise; glory of the soft beauty of the grove and settlement, of the wild beauty of the hills, of the ordered beauty of the happy mean in the plantations beyond, all visible, from this height, to the farthest rocks that stood firm for ever against the beat of the waves."

And on this "Blessed Isle," where lived people of elemental passions, was thrown, one day, a "person of quality," who was seeking, in aimless travel, to rid himself of a mental complaint, whose "anguish is insufferable; it is a sort of intense vertigo, with a very disagreeable accompaniment of sickness in the region of the heart, that robs life of all joy. The men and women about you, instead of having any relation to one another of love, friendship, trust, sympathy, and use, become a

mass of gyrating atoms, with nothing but repulsions for their principle of movement."

On Pitcairn he realises his object; indeed, we hear no more of his complaint when he regains consciousness, after nearly losing his life on the cruel rocks that guard the island. In fact, the motive that sent him thither had served its purpose. Henceforward we are concerned chiefly with the inhabitants, who are connected with the throbbing, weary world only by those occasional visits which vessels chance to pay, either from curiosity or genuine requirements of food and fresh water. These visits, cursory though they may be, evoke violent emotions in the hearts of the simple maidens who help to entertain the ship's officers. There is a genuine pathos in the description of the Ancient, ingenuously called the "Chief Magistrate of Pitcairn," lamenting the destruction of tree-trunks by "young people, when they are a-courting, carving true-lover's-knots thereon." A terrible contrast is afforded between the joyous days of entertainment and merry-making which the presence of a cruiser in the harbour implies, and the tempestuous abandonment of grief at the parting. Simple, unsophisticated folk, they know not the artificialities of western civilisation—"it was the fatal gift of intensity in extremes, common to these southern natures. The place of gladness was, in a moment, turned into a place of grief." The blood of their forebears--English bucaniers--had been warned out of reticence by the Pacific strain.

It is difficult to conceive of anyone reading this book unmoved. Mr. Whiteing revels in contrasts. He feels instinctively that herein lies his power of holding our interest, and

appealing to our emotions. The primitiveness of life in Pitcairn is opposed to that seamy side of civilisation which cries out for redress. Our eyes, wearied with the ceaseless turmoil, the restlessness, the "itch" of modern life, are directed to the sweet peacefulness among which the "person of quality" finds himself thrown. Instead of the self-engrossed greed which besmirches Christianity throughout Europe, we behold a co-operation of labour bringing forth fruits of satisfaction and love.

But we must not take this too seriously, that will spoil our appreciation. The "Island" is Utopian in conception and is only a picture of what might be, were things otherwise than as they are. And at that we must leave it—and leave it refreshed. It cannot be doubted that many will lay the book down smiling, and dismiss further consideration with: "A pretty book, but how unpractical." Well, so it is; but have we an insufficiency of perfervid reality in our lives that we cannot snatch a couple of hours to think of something a trifle better—even if unpractical?

A SLINGER OF INK.

## THE MAKING OF A CITIZEN.

### The Gordon Boys' Brigade.

#### PART I.

THE "call to arms" is echoing through the realms of our great and beautiful Empire; the talk is all of "war," and "swaddies," and "jollies;" our country's resources are gravely discussed by those mostly least fitted to pronounce opinion; and GORDON is, even to-day, a name to conjure with. So, when a stranger

in a southern town, wandering through its streets, encounters at every turn diminutive soldiers clad in blue tunic and glengarry, trundling barrows, scurrying on bicycles, burdened with household errands, or seated motionless and erect with folded hands beside "my lady's" austere coachman, while each coat-collar bears the legend GORDON BOYS' BRIGADE, the mind is flooded with memories of the man who, dieing as a soldier at his post, bequeathed his country's children the legacy of example.

This, of course, is sentiment, and though sentiment is an excellent thing in its way, it seldom promotes commercial soundness, and my curiosity urged me to investigate the workings of this indefatigable Brigade, and ascertain whether this unvarying ubiquity might not be translated into "self-support."

With this intent I wended my way, a few days ago, to the office in High Street, where the head quarters of the Cheltenham Brigade is situated. The door was thrown open with the punctilious decorum of a trained servant by a lance-corporal, who might have passed under my arm without deranging the "sit" of his cap.

A burly serjeant-major, evidently an "old soldier," stood in front of a roaring fire; on forms round the room sat a score boys of all ages and sizes, laughing and talking in undertones; on the walls were coloured prints from the "Christmas Numbers," and photographs of past members of the Brigade, who had either joined the Army and Navy, or obtained situations in other paths of life; opposite the door by which I stood hung a shield, bearing two names; in a corner, near by the desk, was

the inevitable telephone at that moment conveying an order. Over all was the cheerful vibration of youth, fully employed and happy in its work—a blend of school-days and business achieved with obvious success.

The serjeant-major bade me "Good-day," and an officer sitting at a table courteously asked me my business. My apologies for trespassing on his valuable time being met with a hearty assurance that he would be most happy to afford me any information that lay in his power, the most difficult part of my task was accomplished. Conscious of the polite scrutiny of a dozen pairs of eyes and the instant cessation of chatter, I accepted with alacrity the suggestion that before discussing details we should make a tour of the establishment.

The yard we crossed on our way to the gymnasium was in the hands of the plumbers, whose renovation of the drainage system was evidence of the care taken of the boys. Two or three small "privates" were regarding the operation of excavating with the interest peculiar to the "genus boy." The gymnasium proved to be a substantial building fully equipped for the exercises and drill which, under the tuition of Serjeant Arnold, takes place twice a week. My conductor—known to the Brigade as "the major"—told me that six prizes were offered for competition each year—three to the senior division and three to the younger boys. In addition to gymnastics pure and simple, swimming is taught at the Corporation Baths, and prizes are awarded for successes in this direction. In connection with the gymnasium it is interesting to note that an Old Boy has presented a "Gymnastic Chal-

lenge Cup" for members of the "Old Boys' League," the name of the winners being inscribed year by year on the shield which I had remarked on my arrival.

"This 'Old Boys' League,' " added the Major, "is the connecting link between the various Brigades throughout England. Each unit

manages its own affairs entirely independently of the others, and its members are in no way affiliated; but when a boy leaves the Brigade he may join the 'Old Boys' League,' which is common to all. Thus a federation is formed, binding us into a homogeneous whole."

"It is in this gymnasium," he continued, "that the Old Boys' dinner is held; and when I tell you that at a supper given in commemoration of the fall of Khartoum, no fewer than 80 members were present, you will realise that the Brigade not only provides for the boys when with it, but contributes materially to their success when they have left."

Sports, cricket, and football, are also organised, and the members of the Brigade, as well as the Old Boys have an annual Christmas dinner in the Gymnasium.

We then passed on to the dining room, where the "Orderly" and two or three others were busily engaged "clearing up" the remains of the meal that had just been partaken of. A charge of 1½d. is made for dinner, at which the Bye Laws require obligatory attendance, though the appetising smell raised a doubt in my mind as to the necessity of any such rule.

From the dining room a flight of stairs lead us to the dressing room, with its array of numbered pegs. Here the members, ridding themselves of the old uniforms in which they do their dirty work—such as cleaning bicycles, boots, etc., carrying in coals, and the hundred and one duties demanded of them at the houses where they are employed—tidy themselves for service as messengers, attendants, and pages. In the committee room which I next visited, I was afforded an opportunity of inspecting the excellent material from which these uniforms are made. After examining the quality of the cloth, I was not surprised to learn that the equipment, consisting of uniform, mackintosh cape, army regulation leggings, glengarry, and belt, cost the Brigade considerably over £2 per head.

R. J. N.

(To BE CONCLUDED.)



A "GORDON BOY" SERGEANT.

## CONSCIENCE SALVE.

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It was a winter evening, bleak and chill; all nature seemed to be hushed with the hush that speaks not of rest, but of despair, as if the old earth felt that it would be a long, long time before the spring would come again, bringing to her light and heat, and gentle breezes. At least this was what she seemed to say to me, as I crouched in a corner of the railway carriage, which was bearing me to my journey's end. The carriage was without light, and it was almost impossible to see anything through the windows, except a misty outline of trees and great bare steep rocks, and the sameness wearied me. At another time I might have sought amusement in scrutinising my fellow-passengers, trying to imagine what the history of each was, and whether their several errands were sorrowful or glad. But I was too tired to find pleasure in this way, and being one of those fortunate people who can sleep when and where they have opportunity, I closed my eyes and was soon wrapped in unconsciousness. Whilst I slept I had a curious dream. I thought I was in a strange, dark, little room. I could not distinguish anything in it clearly, for the windows were shaded with heavy curtains, as if to shut out even the dusky twilight. The furniture was dull with age, and seemed to belong to some antique pattern. Curious old carvings were outlined in the dim light, and looked like strange, sleeping monsters, which the unlucky touch of some talisman would conjure into life. At first I merely felt the quaintness of the room, but by-and-by

my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and were at once attracted by its most pretentious piece of furniture. This was a large cabinet of some dark, rich wood, beautifully carved and divided into what seemed innumerable tiny drawers, each carefully labelled. What, however, surprised me most was the title, in quaint old English characters, at the top of the cabinet. It was "Conscience Salve." As I mused over this strange title, I noticed one after another enter the room, and steal quietly towards the cabinet. In the twilight I could see them opening the little drawers, some doing it quickly, deftly, in a way that showed they had often been there before; others eagerly searching for what they wanted, and sometimes, notwithstanding the titles, opening several drawers before they found the one they sought, then retiring as quickly as they had come in. One thing I noticed particularly; though they were all on the same errand, except that they choose different drawers, they seemed to be very much afraid of being recognised by each other. They would shrink back into the shadow, snatch what they wanted when they thought they were not observed, and hasten away. All ages were represented, from the old man to the little child; all ranks; the prince, clothed in robes of State; the brilliant lady of fashion, her rich dress covered over with a dark mantle; the soldier, his breast gleaming with Orders; the statesman, with thoughtful brow; the churchman, with bashful air, as if doing something of which he was ashamed; the blushing Puritanical maiden, on whose brow was written, "Would not play false, but yet would wrongly win;" the careworn artizan,

rich and poor, high and low, learned and unlearned, all were there.

As I gazed, the crowd thickened, and eager as I was to find what the cabinet contained, whose hidden treasures had drawn together such a motly company, I was mysteriously restrained by a power which I could not resist, from mingling with the throng. Gradually the numbers lessened, and, as when I entered at first, only a solitary individual came in from time to time. My curiosity overcame my awe, and I approached the cabinet and read the descriptions of their contents on some of the drawers. At length I found myself alone, except for the presence of an old man, dressed in dark clothes, who impressed me, somehow, as being in keeping with the room. As I scanned his face, I was struck by its cynicism; he looked like one whom nothing would surprise, nothing excite to enthusiasm. He politely tendered his assistance in finding whatever ointment I desired; but when I assured him that I was a stranger, and only wished to gratify my curiosity, he offered to explain anything that I did not understand. On one drawer I read, "Putting off." "How is this?" said I to my companion, "methinks, my friend, I have never heard of a salve that was effectual but by putting on." "You jest," said he gravely, "yet I assure you that ointment hath been the death of many; it hath the peculiar property of covering over a wound, so that not even the sick person knoweth it is there, whilst instead of curing the wound it enflameth it, so that it groweth much worse. This salve is easily applied too, a man has but to say of a duty, 'I will do it to-morrow,' and the wound

on his conscience is concealed by the salve. You jested at the name. It does not lack a finer one—given by the great folks who use much of it—Procrastination." I read the titles on other drawers. There was a salve for dishonesty: "One must live;" one for covetousness: "A little more;" one for revenge: "Tit for tat;" one for selfishness: "Look out for No. 1." One drawer bore the title, "That's my weakness;" another, "Necessity knows no law." My companion directed my attention to one label and said, with the only approach to a smile I saw on his face during the interview, "That is in great demand among people who enter a railway carriage with a cotton umbrella and depart with a silk one." This ointment was called "Exchange is no robbery." My attention was now arrested by a drawer labelled "Salve for white lies." "White lies," I cried to my guide, "is it possible that you have a salve for lies white or black?" "Certainly," he replied, "this is the most popular of all kinds of conscience salve. Almost every one uses it, it has ever been coloured a delicate pink that it may be fairer to the eyes and less offensive to the touch of the gentle creatures who use it. I assure you it is a real pleasure to apply this salve." Gentle creatures, a real pleasure! Salve for white lies! I could endure no more. I awoke. The grey twilight of a December day had already enveloped the landscape, and the features of my travelling companions were scarcely distinguishable in the gathering gloom. For a moment the shadowy outline of my friend, the cynic, lingered before my eyes, and I half regretted not having examined further the mysterious bureau and

its doubtful remedies. "Tickets please" dissipated my reflections, and I soon found myself in the glare and bustle of the terminus.

R.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE IRELAND FAMILY AND THE IRELAND SHAKS- PEARIAN FABRICATIONS.

### PART I.—CONTINUED.

They next visited the church containing Shakespeare's tomb, where Mr. Ireland proceeded to make a drawing of it, as well as of that to the memory of John Combe, for his new work. While drawing, he greatly condemned the colouring of Shakespeare's bust which, he said, it would have been better to have left in its original stone colour, which stone colour Edmund Malene, the Commentator, had shortly before tried to restore after taking a plaster cast of the bust. Mr. Ireland endeavoured to gain permission to make a cast, but he gave up the idea in consequence of the delay the formalities of the request would occasion. William Henry, pushing open the door to the Chancel House, saw that it was full of human bones; and acquainting his father of the fact, the latter said that if these bones were there in Shakespeare's time, it would explain the well-known verse on his tomb which ends: "And curst be he that moves my bones."

They afterwards visited the site of "New Place," the house Shakespeare had practically rebuilt for himself after his retirement from London, and which was pulled down long after his death. In the garden attached had stood the mulberry tree, which had been felled in 1744 by the illtempered occupant of the place—a Mr. Gastrell—because he resented the visits of inquiring strangers to inspect it.

The Birthplace was then visited, which was used as a butcher's shop, kept by one Hart, a descendant of Shakespeare on the female line. He stated that when a boy, with his companions, they would dress up in the wearing apparel which had belonged to Shakespeare as 'Scaramonches.' Here Samuel made several sketches, and having learned that there was an old rumour to the effect that MS. had been removed from "New Place," at the time of its demolition to "Clapton House," about a mile away, they then went to this old mansion, which still contained its original furniture; in particular, an oak bed given by Henry VII. to Sir Hugh Clopton, who was a Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Williams, the gentleman farmer, who rented the place, gave to Mr. Ireland a painting on vellum of Henry the Seventh's wife lying in state, his reason for so doing being, that as it was parchment, it was of no use to light the fire. On being informed of the object of their visit, he gave them to understand that he had burnt large quantities of papers a week or so ago, to make room for some young partridges, and that several bundles had Shakespeare's name written upon them. Samuel Ireland's feelings, on receipt of this information, can be imagined, and he soon left the house after a

fruitless search for any papers that might remain. During their week's stay they visited Anne Hathaway's Cottage, where Mr. Ireland purchased from the mother of the lately deceased Mrs. Baker, a bugle purse, said to have been given by Shakespeare to his future wife, and an oak chair supposed to have been used by Shakespeare in his courting days. After visiting Bideford, where Mr. Ireland made a sketch of Shakespeare's crab tree, they resumed their tour through the remaining portion of the Avon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### MILITARY CHRISTMAS CARDS.

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To the Editor of the ECLECTIC REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—On reading through the most interesting notes at the beginning of your December number, entitled "On things in general," I was struck by the short paragraph upon Christmas cards. If you recall the paragraph to your mind you will remember that the writer expresses regret that there have been no cards this season a propos of the present war; whereas I, and I think I voice the feelings of many, should have felt it to have been a great mistake had such cards been published. Possibly I am too full of sentiment. Surely there is not one of us who has not been conscious, perhaps some of us only for a moment, that this is the saddest Christmas Great Britain has passed since the time of the Indian Mutiny; I daresay a more distressing one even than that, for now we are

fighting with the odds against us, consequently our loss must be the greater. On the other hand our victory, if victory is vouchsafed to us, will be the more glorious, and this thought can be our only comfort.

Therefore, surely we should be thankful that the designers have not had the opportunity of bringing before the public such a tender subject, tinged, as the writer of the paragraph suggests, with a comic element. Even those who have not so much as a friend at the front, would surely have felt compunction had they seen such cards displayed for sale, for every one, from the highest to the lowest must have read the awful reports, or seen the heart-rending pictures, with which our papers and magazines are freely stocked at present, and which certainly serve to fill us with a great desire to do all in our power to relieve the sick and wounded, and to cheer the homes of those who are left behind. It hardly strikes us as a subject for jocularity.—Yours faithfully,

January, 1900.

K. C. N.

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WE are always very glad to hear from our readers, and to publish such letters as are likely to be of general interest. Correspondence should be terse and pithy, WRITTEN ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY, and signed by a "nom de plume," if the writer does not wish his real name to appear. No notice will be taken of anonymous correspondents. Letters for publication in the ensuing issue must be received not later than the 8th inst. We do not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed by correspondents.

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# The Eclectic Review

No. 12.

February 15, 1900.

Price 6d.

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## NOTICE.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW is published once a month. The subscription, payable in advance, is 1s. 9d. for three months, 3s. 6d. for six months, 7s. for twelve months. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to R. J. Nicholson, and crossed. The office is at 7, NORTHUMBERLAND STREET, HIGHER BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, where all communications should be addressed. Correspondents will confer a favour by addressing distinctively either the PUBLISHER or the EDITOR of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, according to the nature of the business to which the communication refers.

TELEGRAMS: "NICHOLSON, HIGHER BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER."

TELEPHONE No. 41, BROUGHTON.

## ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

OUR leaders, civil and military, seem to have an astonishing capacity for making tactless statements. At a time when the nation is strung up to a painful degree of nervous tension, it might almost have been expected that Lord Salisbury would have vouchsafed some words of cheery optimism. Not a bit of it. "The British Constitution," he declared, "is not an efficient fighting machine." Lord Rosebery is "appalled," and England, denied hope from the fountain head, wearily cries "How long?" And, as if this were not enough, General Buller writes home: "I suppose our officers will learn the value of scouting in time, but, in spite of all one can say, up to this our men seem to blunder into the middle of the enemy and suffer accordingly." However true this may be, it would appear hardly necessary, at the present juncture, for General Buller to make such a candid avowal of his own incapacity to enforce instructions. Singular weakness is also admitted in his despatch relating to Colonel Long and his guns at Colenso. This sort of thing is not calculated to inspire confidence in a leader.

THE death of poor Mr. Steevens of the "Daily Mail," at Ladysmith, brought to a violent and premature close a career of brilliant

promise. The dangers to which Special Correspondents are exposed is further forced home to us by the arrival in England of Mr. Knight, of the "Morning Post," who lost his right arm at the battle of Belmont. The battle was just over when a small party of Boers, making a last stand, signified their surrender by raising the white flag. Our men went forward to take them prisoners, but were fired upon, and Knight fell. This treachery so infuriated the men that they bayoneted every Boer of the party. Knight was taken to the hospital, where his arm was amputated, and he subsequently reached England in the Braemar Castle. His fortitude under his terrible affliction is wonderful. He can jokingly speak of the economy of having only one hand. "I had my right arm taken off, and Major Dalrymple lost his left arm, so when we found we wanted gloves we bought one pair between us." Analogous with this is the case of the cinematograph operator, who was severely wounded while photographing the firing of the 4.7in. gun at Modder River. This explains, we are told, why a particularly brilliant series of photographs come to a somewhat unexpected end when shown on the screen. There is much to be read between the lines in all the cases.

LONDONERS, it may almost be supposed, will realise in due course of time that much of what they now look upon as exclusively their own had its origin in the "Provinces." For some years theatrical managers have understood the advisability of testing a new play on provincial audiences before taking it up to town, because it is accepted on all hands

that while West-end theatre-goers will tolerate almost any rubbish that is offered them, the audiences at the principal theatres in the Provinces treat any new play with a certain amount of sound criticism. The complete failure of the "Belle of New York" in Lancashire is a case in point, and it can hardly be said of an audience that repudiated this musical hotch-potch that its decision was due to a lack of refined feeling. Refinement of treatment was not a noticable feature of the "Belle of New York."

It is, therefore, rather amusing to read the comments of the London press on the performance given by the brass bands at the Albert Hall on January 20th last. No one who has lived for any length of time in either Lancashire or Yorkshire would deem an apology for brass bands necessary. They will stand upon their own merits. The Black Dyke Band of Yorkshire, and Besses o' th' Barn Band of Lancashire are, as every North-countryman knows, capable of the finest musical execution. To say that is to reiterate a platitude, and the man who has never heard either of those two bands would hardly care to admit it. Yet we read in a London contemporary that "it is still the fashion to sneer at brass bands." Where? In London? "They are provincial, vulgar, not worthy of the attention of cultivated persons," he says, quoting public opinion. Then he goes on to state that "most of us ground our impressions of the brass band upon the atrocities perpetrated by vagrant Teutons." Is it possible? Can this be true of London, the boasted focus of the taste of cultivation of England? And then

the writer proceeds to explain the limitations of a brass band, admitting that the performance in the Albert Hall "struck him with pleasure and surprise," that "there were effects of noble simplicity and grandeur," but denying it the results "which that complex and delicate instrument, the modern orchestra, can produce."

Now it is obvious that the writer of this piece of apologetic impertinence is doubly ignorant of his subject. He understands neither the "Provinces" (by which he apparently denotes all England outside London) nor brass bands, and had the journal in which his effort appears been other than one of high standing, it would have been of small importance. But unfortunately, the self-satisfied conceit of many thousands, whose travel has never exceeded the four-mile radius, is undoubtedly bolstered up by words such as these coming from an apparently authoritative source. What "revelations" the Albert Hall afforded that would support the presumption that the Provinces are "honeycombed" by brass bands remains to be divulged; and why "young modern composers" should utilise this medium to "hear their work performed," if they fail elsewhere, also needs explanation. The fact is that the emasculated intellect of the Cockney critic has yet to grasp the significance of what is offered him for his education.

Any promise of amelioration from the tyranny of the washerwoman will be welcomed with acclamation, and we read with considerable satisfaction of the success that has attended

the institution of "washerboys" in London. This branch of the Church Army Boys' Home has proved so satisfactory that it has been found impossible, with the present staff, to cope with the amount of work in hand. Mr. Campbell, the superintendent, will therefore, we are told, gladly receive twenty additional boys. There is one point of similarity between these "washerboys" and the orthodox person, which is, that "they must be of indifferent or bad character." Surely no washerwoman yet rejoiced in a good character, as supplied by her unfortunate clients.

APROPOS of the note last month on the inconsequent introduction of music hall "business" into pantomimes, a correspondent sends us the following: "I remember a very excellent joke in a pantomime a few years ago, which may possibly be familiar to some of my readers. It was about the time that the German Emperor had despatched his celebrated telegram to Oom Paul. The piece had, in the perfectly orthodox way, been interrupted to allow of a speciality knockabout act by the Brothers Boneshaker. After a quarter of an hour of their delicate performance, enter a page with a large telegram. "Hullo!" says Brother No. 1, "what's this?" "Open it," says No. 2. "Why," says the first, "it's a wire from the German Emperor." "Well, what does he say?" queries Boneshaker secundus. "Stop this fooling and get on with the pantomime," was the effective and appropriate reply.

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#### WILL YOU HELP US

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## THE MAKING OF A CITIZEN.

### The Gordon Boys' Brigade.

#### PART II.

On our return to the office I was able to glean some valuable facts regarding the duties, discipline, and wages of the boys. I had already remarked on my way through the streets, that employment took the form of running errands, carrying messages, and wheeling bath chairs. I had also noticed two, and sometimes three boys in charge of a truck, while one smart little chap was conspicuous on the "box" of a gentleman's carriage. I therefore anticipated that "house work" frequently demanded the services of a boy for a considerable length of time, and that a large number spent whole mornings in this way. It happens, on occasions, that one family will monopolise a boy for months together. Among the various occupations in which the Brigade has displayed its usefulness, is "lawn mowing,"—an arduous labour—which is justly rated high, and delivering bills and circulars, which is done "piece work."

The practical value of the Brigade is demonstrated by the increasing call upon the services of the boys. From figures which I have before me I am convinced that not only does the public respond to the sentimental motives of this Institution—the fostering of manliness, honesty, self-reliance, and industry—but they appreciate the very real advantage of employing bright, healthy lads, free from the maudlin snivel which unfortunately accompanies similar efforts in many of our great towns. It is

difficult to refrain from commenting on the benefits accruing from such a training as this. Why does not every town throughout the country boast a "Gordon Boys' Brigade?" Why are the parasites that haunt our streets tolerated? One would suppose that a warm, smart uniform, constant employment with provision for the future, and adequate remuneration would outweigh even the delights of fancied freedom from restraint which attract the street loafer.

Boys receive eightpence out of every shilling taken as payment for services rendered. Threepence goes towards Brigade expenses, and the remaining penny is put by, in the "Deferred Payment Fund," until such time as the boy leaves. The result is that, should he merit the approval of the Committee, he frequently has £4 or £5 in cash with which to start life. If, however, he leaves without their sanction, he forfeits this money, which is credited to the Brigade account. Further, certain bonuses accompany the distinctive stripes which mark good conduct, and promotion from the ranks.

In the majority of cases, a boy on attaining 16 years of age is drafted into the Army or Navy. At the time of writing 16 Old Boys are figuring at the front in the South African Campaign. If, however, the parent's permission is withheld, efforts are made to apprentice him to some trade, and for this purpose large sums have been paid in the form of premiums for those boys whose conduct merits special recognition.

On entering the Brigade, which is done between the ages of 11 and 15 years, the boy's parent signs his agreement to the various

Bye Laws. This renders the boy amenable to the discipline exercised, firstly by the superintendent, and through him by the lance-corporals, corporals, and serjeants who go to make up the non-commissioned officers of the Brigade. Misconduct is punishable by "deprivation of privileges, by fines, and by caning, but such caning shall be inflicted only by order of the secretary, or of one of the committee." Offenders may also be discharged, when they forfeit all advantages accruing to them.

The intimation that "The Major's" attention was required elsewhere reminded me that I had already trespassed over long on his good nature. He himself repudiated any such suggestion, and with kindly forethought provided me with an interesting pamphlet descriptive of the Brigade's work during the last year.

"You will gather from that," he remarked as we parted, "that we maintain an average muster of seventy, all of whom, excepting the orderly, live at their own houses. Instruction in carpentry plays a not unimportant part in our routine, and is frequently of much assistance in after-life. The band has, I think I may say, attained a high standard, and enables those who subsequently join the Service to obtain positions as buglers and drummers. And that, I fancy, pretty well exhausts all there is to say about the Brigade. No!" he declared, with a smile, as I sought to express my gratitude, "please don't apologise, it has given me great pleasure to be of any assistance to you."

I buttoned up my coat against the dreary drizzle outside, took a parting glance at the cosy, cheerful room and the happy faces that lined it, exchanged a hearty 'good-bye' with them all, and went.

R. J. N.

## A BOOK OF THE MONTH.

SOUTH AFRICA OF TO-DAY (Col. Francis Young-husband). Macmillan.

At the present juncture in South African affairs this is a book to be read with considerable satisfaction, on account of the remarkable impartiality the author displays. The British public take an unwonted interest to-day in affairs of State, but are prevented from arriving at any logical conclusion by the conflicting statements to which men of apparent authority give utterance. A perusal of Colonel Younghusband's book will go far towards removing this disability. We receive therefrom, not only a fair account of disputatious questions, but also a valuable indication of the enormous issues for which we are at present fighting. Few people seem to realise the boundless possibilities of future wealth and prosperity which would accrue from a right government of the Transvaal. Not only have we the gold mines, but when they are exhausted other minerals, as coal and iron—at present practically untouched—will remain to furnish industries in which a congested labour market may, with advantage, be employed. Even agriculture, in the cultivation of which the Boer is regarded as "facile princeps" is, we are told, but half exploited. At Johannesburg, tinned commodities, such as butter and milk, are provided at the hotels, whilst wheat is imported from Australia in large quantities.

Colonel Younghusband's references to the relationship existing between Uitlander and Boer do not lead us to suppose that they are in

any way irreconcilable. It is inadvisable to put forward any opinion as to the avoidability or otherwise of the war; but we may suggest that had Paul Kruger modified his policy of unbending opposition to Uitlander requests, the discontent in Johannesburg would probably have died down. The Uitlanders would have been satisfied with a Dutch Republic. Everywhere Colonel Younghusband insists that they did not want Imperial rule. What they were anxious to secure was an energetic government fully alive to the possibilities of the country's development, and the requirements of those who were supplying the means of that development. They felt that England, fettered in "red tape" as she usually is, was just as ill-fitted to supply a government suited to a young country as were the Boers. Rather more so, in fact, because they were assured that, with Kruger out of power, the tendency would become more and more advanced to encourage modern methods and energetic developments.

How far this theory is compatible with events of to-day we are not prepared to insist. England has taken certain irrevocable steps, and by her policy we stand or fall. However little Uitlanders desired her intervention, they will be compelled to stifle such possible aspirations towards independence as they may have entertained, and submit to the rulings that future policy may dictate.

Of all the chapters in this entirely admirable book, perhaps the most interesting is that dealing with the future of the Transvaal. Written a couple of years ago, it is manifestly impossible for Colonel Younghusband to do more than suggest the consequences of any

given movement by the British Government. Recognising that South Africa presented an unparalleled "mass of unassimilated elements," that "from the Zambesi to Cape Colony there was unrest," that "nowhere did there appear coherency, unity, or security," and that "any display of temper by either party would have set South Africa in a blaze," it is not difficult to understand that war was anticipated, even if not desired, as the one means of lessening the tension under which the country laboured. Under this head Colonel Younghusband makes some trenchant remarks, which subsequent events have more than justified. On only one score does he seem to have erred. He says:

"And those who have money invested in the country would be only too pleased if British taxpayers would furnish the twenty millions of money, and send out the THIRTY THOUSAND men required to subjugate the Transvaal."

So extraordinary does it appear for a soldier of his standing to be so wide of the mark, that one is almost tempted to exonerate the War Office from blame in their egregious underestimation in this direction.

The men have been sent out—not thirty thousand, but six times thirty thousand. Will that suffice?

R. J. NICHOLSON.

---

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## A SCHOOLDAY RECOL- LECTION.

You see it was like this, we had just arrived back at my "digs." from the theatre, and were smoking a final pipe before going to bed. The conversation, somehow, turned to Kipling's "Stalky and Co.," and gradually we found ourselves telling each other little reminiscences of our school days. An episode I related seemed to please my friend, for he said, "My dear chap, I wish you would jot that down for me." I must have been in a semi-somnolent condition just then, for it appears now that in an unguarded moment I promised to do so. Anyhow, here it is:

I was at school, in Germany, at the time—Heidelberg the place—and Trelawney was my "pal." He came from Fowey, and was a regular reckless, highspirited, young Cornish boy, always ready for any mischief that happened to be going on. I think I must have been somewhat more staid and correct, as I believe I used occasionally to restrain him. However, our cubicles were next to one-another, and I did his French and mathematics and he did my Latin, and we went about together and were great friends.

The Belmores belonged to the English Colony, and they resided in a "pension" in the "Anlage." Old Belmore was in the Civil Service, and had died in India; anyhow, at that time Mrs. Belmore, Mabel, Gwen, and young Jerry lived in Heidelberg. We used to see them in Church on Sundays, and now and then passed them in the "Stadtgarten." Gwen was awfully pretty, and I think everyone in

the school was in love with her; Trelawney and I both were, I know.

Lawrence was the only fellow who knew the Belmores privately, and he could get leave to go and visit them whenever he liked, and he used to take Gwen on the river while we had to walk up and down the towpath in a careless manner, in order to cast covert glances at her; but then you see Lawrence was in the Army House, and was working for Sandhurst. He was very fond of me, I know, and taught me to swim, and he used to stand me innumerable "kuchen" at "Krall's" Conditerei; and he was "stroke" in my boat at the time I coxed the winner of the "scratch fours." Dear old Lawrence, how I did love him, I know I almost cried when he went home.

There was an institution at the College that everybody disliked, presumably because it was compulsory; this was what was known as "Public Walks." You see at dinner on Sundays the Herr Doktor would announce that there would be a roll-call at a certain place, probably six or eight miles away, at four o'clock, and everyone had to be there. We could go by train, provided the railway went anywhere near, and we had enough money for the fare—a rather rare thing—or by bicycle, or else we had to walk; but we had to turn up and answer our names.

Mrs. Belmont, however, used to write a note to the Herr Doktor on Saturday, asking if he would kindly allow Mr. Lawrence to have tea at her house on Sunday afternoon, and when we set out for our beastly walk we would see Lawrence quietly crossing to the town in the "Eiberfahrt;" and all this made Trelawney and me think. It was on the day of the sports, I

remember that we determined to get to know the Belmores somehow or other. How nice it would be to know Gwen, and to get out of the "public walks," and how we could crow over the other chaps. Trelawney said, I must persuade Lawrence to introduce us. I knew this would be difficult, because Lawrence was rather proud of his privilege. When I asked him if he would do so he laughed and said I was a young fool. Perhaps I was, anyway it did not come off.

At the beginning of the summer term young Jerry came to the college as a day-boy. Trelawney and I at once seized the opportunity and endeavoured to "pal up" to him. It was Trelawney and I who taught him the rudiments of swimming, and who first took him in the punt and showed him how to "feather." Trelawney and I it was who initiated him into a certain way of killing lizards with catapult elastic, and how to skin them and make book markers of the skin too. Trelawney and I were the ones to point out the best places to catch salamanders in the streams behind "Ziegelhausen;" and it was we who showed him the way we had discovered to get from the "bear-walk" of the "Schloss" to the moat, in which the public were not allowed. We even took him to our own private nest in the vineyards at "Neckargemund." Jerry was very pleased with all this but it did not occur to him to invite us to his home, and we could not very well ask him to do so point blank; so one night Trelawney and I slipped through the skylight on to the flat roof, and discussed the matter over a cigarette (this was before Hooker "Zwei" was caught and got eight without coat).

Well, we arranged a plot that night which succeeded admirably. The next Saturday afternoon we invited young Jerry to come out in the pair-oar with us, as we intended being pulled up the river by the "Schleppe" for a mile or two, and coming down again through the "rapids." We promised to leave him at the Old Bridge steps so that he would not be late home for tea.

It was a very hot day and I suggested that he had better put on flannels as it was warm work rowing. We had a lovely smoke, and came down again with the current at a tremendous pace, which made the "Deutchers" on the bank quite frightened. Curiously enough when we were in smooth water and about fifty yards from where we intended to land Jerry, Trelawney, who was bow, caught a frightful crab. He had never done this sort of thing before to my knowledge, and he was so clumsy about getting his blade clear, that I tried to help him, with the result that the water rushed over the gunwale and the boat filled and sank. The water was only about four feet deep, but young Jerry was in a fearful funk. I think it was I who helped him to the steps while Trelawney collared the oars, cushions, and rudder, and then after dragging the boat to the side, we emptied her.

Of course it would never have done to have let Jerry go home alone like that, so after fixing the pair-oar to the mooring ring, we accompanied him to the "Pension." Mrs. Belmore was so grateful and wept over us, and Mabel called us heroes for saving dear Jerry from drowning (Gwen was out!), and we had some tea and cakes and dried our flannels. Mrs. Belmore wrote a note to the

Herr Doktor explaining matters, and we handed it in when we got back to supper. I fancy, however, that the Herr Doktor saw ~~the same~~ after supper we were

In the words of the shilling novelist, it was a cold, bleak morning in September, the sky was overcast, a dreary wind was whistling through the awning of a home-bound vessel,

### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

IN order to avoid considerable loss of time, we would be much obliged if correspondents would address their letters IMPERSONALLY either to the EDITOR or PUBLISHER of the "ECLECTIC REVIEW," according to the nature of the communication, and NOT by name to any member of the staff. Subscriptions should not be enclosed in letters to the Editor. Attention to these details will save much time and trouble, and place us under a further obligation to our valued correspondents.

MY readers are, I am sure,

Sketches by this time, and I am pretty tired of them too. I will start on my way home again and relate some of my adventures by the way. In my first sketch I gave an account of all that there was to be done and seen in the Mediterranean—the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, and the Arabian Ocean—so just now I will only record what happened between Brindisi and Venice, and then from Venice on to London.

Eastern Hospital, that we dealt not in epidemics, that our sole ailment, if any, was the last relic of mosquito bites, and that the worst victim to indisposition on board could easily be restored to perfect health and comfort by one application only of either Eno's fruit salt, or Du Barry's food for cattle. The monster was not to be overcome either by clamour or by smiles. The men tried the first, and the ladies the second, but they both

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Herr Doktor explaining matters, and we handed it in when we got back to supper. I fancy, however, that the Herr Doktor saw through it, because after supper we were required in his study, where I received ten pages of "Hauf" to write out (because I was the elder) and Trelawney got five, and in German characters too, "for being in the town without permission." However, it was worth it.

So after that, Lawrence, Trelawney, and myself, used to go to the Belmores on Sunday afternoons, and we met some "white corps" students there who were mashing Mabel, and they once took us to see a duel, much to the envy of the other fellows in the school.

I have lost sight of the Belmore's now, but poor old Lawrence died of wounds received in action in the Soudan last year. Trelawney, when I last heard, was a "middy" out with the China Squadron, and I—well there—  
M.

## SOME INDIAN SKETCHES.

### VI. The Beginning of the End

My readers are, I am sure, weary of Indian Sketches by this time, and I am pretty tired of them too. I will start on my way home again and relate some of my adventures by the way. In my first sketch I gave an account of all that there was to be done and seen in the Mediterranean—the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, and the Arabian Ocean—so just now I will only record what happened between Brindisi and Venice, and then from Venice on to London.

In the words of the shilling novelist, it was a cold, bleak morning in September, the sky was overcast, a dreary wind was whistling through the awning of a home-bound vessel, a Pentecostal group of eager passengers were about to alight on the welcome shore, when a mean-looking monster, robed in second-hand clothes, was suddenly seen to reach the summit of the gangway. He had an evil eye, a revengeful expression, and in every other respect was a faithful representation of an ill-to-do pawnbroker.

With a pair of glasses balanced on the bridge of his nose, and with a pair of elongated sugar tongs in his hand, he surveyed his prey. He was none other than the Civil Surgeon of Brindisi, and his mission was none other than the appalling announcement that the bright, cheery, light-hearted group before him were hopelessly, helplessly the victims of quarantine. Truly, never was disappointment so little expected or so thoroughly undeserved. Vain were the assertions and proofs that we had left Bombay with a clean bill of health, and that the document had been endorsed at every port we had touched on the voyage. Valueless was the declaration that we were no body of escaped lepers, no vagrants from Eastern Hospital, that we dealt not in epidemics, that our sole ailment, if any, was the last relic of mosquito bites, and that the worst victim to indisposition on board could easily be restored to perfect health and comfort by one application only of either Eno's fruit salt, or Du Barry's food for cattle. The monster was not to be overcome either by clamour or by smiles. The men tried the first, and the ladies the second, but they both

fell equally flat on that Æsculapian pillar of unyielding obstinacy. The man had inherited or acquired all the noble firmness of the Indian mule. His decree went forth—another two days at sea, and after that 24 hours more outside the Venice Canal.

We were no friends of the Italians in those days; they had not joined us in the bombardment of Alexandria, and they were overflowing with jealousy over our successful conduct of the Egyptian campaign without their assistance. Hence the grim satisfaction with which the Italian doctor viewed the sort of weather his arbitrary action had let us in for. That night and the following day, in all the blackness of darkness and through repeated doses of Adriatic squalls, we had to make the best of our way through the rudest and roughest waves that I have ever experienced. There is nothing they did not do to pile on the aggravation; they would not let us eat, drink, smoke, or sleep in comfort; they even intruded on the solemnity of our Church service; they threw the hymn book about with a recklessness that would have irritated the most affable of churchwardens; and they made the passengers reel to and fro on that Sabbath day in a manner that would have justified the most kindly disposed in crediting us with having carried the same old drink on from Saturday night into Sunday morning, yes, and on to Sunday evening too. We thought there would be an end to us before there was an end of them, and such, perhaps, would have been the case had we not suddenly found our harbour of refuge in the placid waters of the Venice Canal. We little thought what was in store for us on arrival at Venice. A good

bath, a good breakfast, a cursory inspection of the legacies of the Doges, formed the sum total of the little programme we had sketched out for ourselves ere our train would be under weigh for Milan, St. Gothard, London, Chatham, and Dover. "Upper Italy was in full flood; all railway communications suspended"—such was the miserable intelligence announced by the proprietor of the hotel, with all the satisfaction with which the spider is popularly supposed to have welcomed the fly into his back parlour. There we were, dirty, tired, cold and disgusted, helplessly entangled in a web of table d' hotes, dejeuner a la Fourchette, siphons, services, apartments, cafes noires, and last but not least in the catalogue of Continental swindles, bougies. A time there must be for bad language, even as there is a time to show off every other accomplishment, and to us that time has now arrived. Anyhow,

"Each curs'd once more the fate  
That thus their projects crossed."

The outlook was simply maddening. Having been there twice before, the beautiful city that thousands have desired to see, was to me on that occasion positively an object of loathing. Who cared for the grand mosaic of St. Mark, the glorious gothic palaces, the magnificent towering Campaniti, the world-famed clock tower, the splendid abode of the Doges, the renowned pictures of Tintoretto, Giovanni, Antonio, Titian, Giorgione, and Bonifacio, or the liquid Boulevards of Venezia, that grand canal lined with palaces and glistening with the reflections of heraldry, compared with the fact that the road between us and London was blocked by the havoc of the waters. The position was truly heartrending, but there was no possible help for it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A POEM FOR TO-DAY.

[SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED.]

Dreaming of wealth and ease, old England slept,  
Prone, in somnolent and ignoble rest ;  
And, ever and anon, some prowlers dared  
To twitch her robe, and add another slur  
Upon her rusty shield that idle lay—  
Saying, her day is done, her sun has set  
Behind the shadowed hills in endless night ;  
Now is our time to wrest her treasure-hoards,  
And smite her, evermore, unto the dust :  
But, stirring in her sleep, she stretched her limbs,  
And yawned as wont, and they as wont fell back,  
Till, grown in crowd and clamour, one more bold  
Hurled to her feet a stone : then England woke,  
To hear menacing mockers in the dark—  
To stumble to her knees, cramped by disuse,  
Ere she could stand upright, and shrill her scorn  
Out to the Zenith in a single cry—  
What? Then, like an answer, came the flush of dawn ;  
Came voices carolling from mount and mead,  
From plain and hill, across the snowland's waste ;  
And, as the sun of England's day arose,  
Scatt'ring the shadows with its benison,  
Lo, to the sky, there spread the silver sea,  
Bridged by galleons, freighted with England's sons ;  
And, as she blest them through her smiles and tears,  
She felt her daughters pressing to her sides  
And turned, with all the monarch in her mien,  
And spake, with all the mother in her eyes—  
The sun of England's greatness never sets,  
While England's night is watched by stars like these.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE IRELAND FAMILY AND THE IRELAND SHAKS- PEARIAN FABRICATIONS.

### PART II.

WHEN William Henry was first articled to Mr. Bingley, that gentleman had one hackney writer who was always in chambers, and the famous pedestrian Foster Powell, then in his old age, was employed as a messenger. In a few months the hackney writer was discharged and Foster Powell died, so that William Henry was left entirely alone.

About May, 1794, William Henry purchased a 4to tract, written by a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, which had the Royal Arms stamped in gold upon the vellum cover, and was undoubtedly from Elizabeth's library. With the thought of pleasing his father he conceived the idea of making it pass as a presentation copy from the author to the Queen. He therefore weakened some ink with water and wrote an epistle on a sheet of ancient paper in which the author requested the Queen's gracious acceptance and countenance of the tract; this letter he placed between the vellum cover and the paper which had been glued to it but which had given way. He took the tract to a bookseller, Laurie, of New Inn Passage, with whom he had had dealings, and told him that he had written the epistle and that he was desirous of seeing whether his father would

believe it to be genuine. This conversation took place before two journeymen bookbinders, one of whom, having inspected it, said that he could compound something very much more like ancient ink than that which young Ireland had used, and thereupon mixed in a phial three different liquids used by bookbinders to marble the covers of calf bindings. This having been shaken up and the effervescing having subsided, the liquid left was of a dark brown colour. The young bookbinder then wrote his name with it, the result being very faint, but on holding it to the fire for a few seconds it turned to a dark brown. After seeing the journeyman William Henry rewrote the epistle with the new ink, and then presented the work to his father, who was exceedingly pleased with it, and had no doubt as to its genuineness.

A short time after the above attempt, young Ireland bought a modern and excellent terra cotta relievo of Oliver Cromwell, in a black frame, and affixed a label written with the special ink to the effect that the head had belonged to Cromwell and had been given by him to Bradshaw, and signed the document with the latter's name. On receiving this curiosity from his son, Mr. Ireland showed it to many eminent judges of sculpture who felt confident that it had been modelled by Simon, the famous artist who flourished during the Commonwealth. One strange circumstance was that though William Henry had not copied any signature of Bradshaw's, yet when it was compared with a genuine signature of that man, it proved to be very similar.

Since their return from their Avon tour

both father and son were more enthusiastic on the subject of Shakespeare than ever, and Samuel Ireland would express his willingness to give up half his library for even an autograph of Shakespeare. This took deep root in young Ireland's mind, and he would search through all the old deeds at Mr. Bingley's chambers, and the wares of dealers in old paper and parchments, in the hope that he might find something bearing upon this interesting subject, but without success.

While occupied in perusing the Shakespeare Mortgage Deed, a copy of which appears in Johnson's and Stevens' edition of Shakespeare, and thinking of his unsuccessful efforts to obtain any document relating to the poet, he conceived the idea of imitating Shakespeare's autograph in order to satisfy his father's desire. He therefore made a tracing of the facsimile signature to the deed in question, as well as that appended to Shakespeare's will, which also is copied in the above edition, and having made a note of the style of the deed, he returned to Bingley's office and composed a lease between Wm. Shakespeare and John Hemyage with one Michael Fraser and Elizabeth his wife. He copied Shakespeare's signature with his right hand and Fraser's he wrote with his left, and the whole was written upon an old skin of parchment cut off an old rent roll lying in the office. The next difficulty were the seals which should be appended to such a document. In Shakespeare's time such seals were formed of soft wax, and were upon strips of parchment hanging from the deed under the signature. The parchment slips being affixed he endeavoured to melt some wax forming the seals to an old deed,

but without effect, as it had perished and merely crumbled away when exposed to the heat. At length he hit upon the expedient of heating the blade of a knife and cut a seal in two, and scooping out a cavity, in one half he placed the strip of parchment hanging from the deed, and filling the cavity with new wax attached the portion of the old seal carrying the impression to it, and disguised the join by rubbing soot and ashes on it.

About eight o'clock on the same night (December 16th, 1794), the whole of the family and one visitor being present, William Henry informed his father that he had a very great curiosity to show him, and drawing forth the document said, "There sir, what do you think of that?" After examining it with great care and interest he returned it to his son with the remark that he certainly believed it to be a genuine deed of the time. William then returned the deed saying, "If you think so I beg your acceptance of it." Mr. Ireland then rose, and giving the keys of his bookcase into his son's hands requested him to take from it whatever he pleased. William, however, returned the keys thanking his father and saying he would not accept of anything. Mr. Ireland then took down "Stokes, the Vaulting Master," a scarce work, which he insisted on his son accepting.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

WILL APPEAR

NEXT MONTH.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## MILITARY CHRISTMAS CARDS.

To the Editor of the ECLECTIC REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I read with much satisfaction the letter signed "K. C. N." on "War Christmas Cards." The subject appears to me quite unfitted for the perpetration of jokes. Moreover, one might—all unconsciously—remind the recipient of some dear friend or relative dangerously wounded or killed. I do not say that such a card, as was evidently in the mind of the writer of the original note in the December number, would be always unacceptable. No doubt our dear neighbours across the Channel would have been delighted at receiving, or sending some exhibition of cheap wit. Even there, however, I am inclined to think that the native imagination required no prompting in the art (?) of vulgar caricaturing.

Apart from our feelings as private individuals, it appears to me that as a nation the crisis in which we were then, as now, placed, was too acute altogether for any of us to need a reminder of the subject in any form, least of all the form of a joke.

I enclose my card, sir, and beg to remain,

Yours, etc.,

H. S. B.

To the Editor of the ECLECTIC REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As the writer of the Notes on "Things in General" may I briefly reply to your correspondent "K. C. N.," and also express my gratitude to him for his letter. The humble scribe is usually more than

satisfied is he can persuade his editor to give him the publicity of print; how much more pleasurable then are his emotions when he realizes that his effusions are not only printed, but read. Not having my contribution by me, I am unable to refer to it, but my impression is that I did not express a wish for War Christmas Cards "tinged with a comic element." Such I should, with "K. C. N.," decidedly deprecate. I pleaded rather for such cards as express patriotic and tender sentiments. Caton Woodville's "Gentleman in Kharki" would, for instance, have made an ideal card. Types of our various regiments, scenes of mobilisation and embarkation, would also, I think, have proved acceptable to many. No wish to encourage a burlesque of so sad a subject as this terrible strife ever entered my mind.—I am, sir, yours etc.,

R. W. W.

## TECHNICAL AND SECONDARY EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the ECLECTIC REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. R. J. Nicholson has confused "Technical Schools" with "Secondary Schools." In a recent article entitled "Intellectual Forcing Houses," he applies the same criticism indiscriminately to both, whereas their working is very different. It would seem that he wishes the "Night School" to be a continuation of the Higher Grade School, which a child may join after leaving the Board School proper, at about fourteen years of age. It is, therefore, only requisite for a parent to sanction the continuance of her child at school until he reaches fifteen years for Mr. Nicholson's objections to be removed, and this practice is now so increasingly common among working-people, that a few years should see his desire fulfilled. I heartily endorse his strictures in many of the abuses of Technical Education, which, I repeat, is not the same thing as Secondary Education.

Yours faithfully,

PUNCTILIOUS.

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# The Eclectic Review

No. 13.

March 15, 1900.

Price 6d.

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## NOTICE.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW is published once a month. The subscription, payable in advance, is 1s. 9d. for three months, 3s. 6d. for six months, 7s. for twelve months. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to R. J. Nicholson, and crossed. The office is at 7, NORTHUMBERLAND STREET, HIGHER BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, where all communications should be addressed. Correspondents will confer a favour by addressing distinctively either the PUBLISHER or the EDITOR of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, according to the nature of the business to which the communication refers.

TELEGRAMS: "NICHOLSON, HIGHER BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER."

TELEPHONE No. 41, BROUGHTON.

## ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

To the issue for May next the editor will contribute the first of a monthly series of articles describing his journey to Canada, and subsequently, his impressions generally of the country in which he is to take up his residence. We hope that these articles may prove of some interest. A good deal has been written of late about the loyal co-operation of our vast Colonial possessions, but little is known about them. Perhaps these "Canadian Letters" may succeed in adding one more bond of sympathy to those already stretched across the wide seas. To this end we ask for still further support and assistance. In the past our subscribers have laid us under a deep debt of gratitude, but the task which we have set ourselves is greater than any we have hitherto attempted. To edit a periodical some thousands of miles from its place of publication is an experiment unique in the annals of journalism, and a successful issue can be secured only by increased support from our readers. We want more subscribers on our books, more letters from those who read the articles—expressions of opinion on topical subjects, accounts of interesting personal experiences of men and places. We know it is a big demand, and perhaps we may

be dubbed presumptuous in making it. But upon the response we receive depends the life of our *Review*, and it would be a doubly keen disappointment if, after attaining the dignity of twelve issues, our departure from England also severed this tie with the Old Country.

ONE of the newest forms of medical treatment for local disease is that of radiated heat. The process is simplicity itself, and has proved successful where other methods have signally failed. In many respects it resembles the "sun bath" in that it consists essentially of the application of an extremely high temperature to the body, or to that portion of the body affected by disease. It would seem that by means of electric lights placed in juxtaposition to reflecting surfaces, a strong current of luminous heat is thrown on to the patient, who lies at ease on a bed. Further comfort is assured by the fact that clothing does not in any way prevent the penetration of the rays. Dry heat being employed, a temperature of 400 deg. Fah. may be attained without evil results, the patient being only conscious of a pleasant sensation and an almost immediate relief from pain.

WE have received the following from a correspondent, a passenger in the s.s. Egypt: "Amongst the passengers are a number of soldiers in khaki, whom we brought with us from Cairo, fresh from the Soudan, who are going home to be sent to South Africa. As we came along in the train someone put his head into the carriage to ask for any remains of our lunch for the soldiers, for whom nothing seemed to have been provided. I thought if

this was the way things were being done it was not much wonder that things went wrong. I was only able to contribute three oranges as I forgot to bring any lunch. However, they are being brought second class instead of steerage."

THE memories of most of us must be taxed to the utmost, in order to find a parallel to the exuberant proceedings that characterised the day, that in all probability will, for many years at any rate, be dedicated to the honour and glory of Ladysmith and her noble defenders. We bear our reverses well, and we are not in the habit of decking ourselves with sackcloth and ashes, the better to celebrate anniversaries that should remind us of disaster and defeat. And so, Majuba day would have passed almost unnoticed had it not been for the glorious news which was flashed across the seas, changing lethargy and indifference into excitement and exultation, only to be increased tenfold a day or two later by the never-to-be-forgotten "relief of Ladysmith." For a few hours Englishmen literally went mad. Business was abandoned, and wild revelry was the order of the day. The demand for flags was unprecedented, a well-known emporium for the sale of these goods had to seek the protection of the police in order to regulate the crowds of would-be purchasers, while the hawkers in the streets did a perfectly roaring trade, both literally and figuratively. A good deal of ingenuity was exhibited considering the short period available for its conception, both in the arrangements of the drapery, and in the appropriate mottoes with which many of the

improvised trophies were embellished. One of the most striking objects was a magnificent English bull dog bearing that peculiarly repulsive, yet attractive physiognomy which is so characteristic of the breed, and arranged in a tightly-fitting Union Jack with label attached bearing in large type the name of Buller. Had he been the general himself he could scarcely have attracted more attention.

MARIE CORELLI is a writer who certainly has the courage of her opinions. Tastes vary, and some may take exception to the outspoken style, and the lightly veiled, but none the less scathing criticism on men and matters which is so characteristic of the writer, but all will agree that her conclusions are the result of the deductions of a singularly powerful and brilliant mind. To most of us then, her article in the "Universal Magazine" will prove interesting reading. Its title, "Patriotism and self advertisement" is eminently typical of the authoress. Outspoken and bold, she has no hesitation in condemning those traits for which we Englishmen, as a nation, are so famous throughout the civilised world. I refer, of course, to our national propensity for turning everything into pounds, shillings, and pence. The Transvaal War is naturally no exception, and our authoress animadverts strongly, and I venture to think with excellent reason, on the utilitarian spirit which avails itself even of the trials and hardships which our valiant soldiers have to bear, as a means of extorting the pence or the shillings of a confiding and unthinking public, *not*, be it understood, that those trials and troubles may receive amelioration, but that the coffers of

the self advertising, pseudo patriots, may be replenished.

TOMMY ATKINS, says Marie Corelli, does not ask for cigarettes and sweets; he is made of harder stuff. He does not expect the pleasures and comforts of the piping times of peace when engaged in a serious and terribly sanguinary war. No, he will thank you more for guns in plenty, and up-to-date; for the latest thing in ammunition, and for efficiency and despatch in the organisation of the commissariat department. But when you take your walks abroad and read in the various shop windows how a sixpence laid out in a pocket book will confer a penny on the war fund; or the investment of a few shillings in hats, hosiery, or shoes, will benefit "the soldiers of our Queen" in proportion to the amount expended, be at least on your guard, and do not conclude in too innocent and confiding a manner that because you lay out a shilling, you have contributed twopence or threepence to the war fund, when you have possibly only aided in your humble way the advertisement of an enterprising trader. Such, at least, is the gist of Marie Corelli's paper, and there is certainly much truth in it.

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THE MANCHESTER EVENING MAIL for March 2nd declares that "the current number of THE ECLECTIC REVIEW contains several interesting features."

THE MANCHESTER COURIER for March 7th says: "THE ECLECTIC REVIEW . . . deals with topics of great current interest, it puts forward sensible suggestions in its treatment of social problems, and its general aim is to be helpful and suggestive."

## The Cigarette in the Slums.

CIGARETTE smoking is now universally adapted by the youth of our populous districts. Like most accomplishments, the earlier in life it is commenced, the greater the proficiency afterwards attained. The inconvenience a tyro will endure rather than renounce the possibility of subsequent enjoyment, speaks volumes for the pertinacity of the English people. Initiation into its mysteries usually takes place in some dark, unfrequented spot, where, alone or in company with a trusty "mate," a minute portion of a cigarette, rendered additionally succulent by prior application on the part of the aforesaid "mate," is produced, and the solemn rites of initiation are performed. The first attempt is, as a rule, unsatisfactory. Fearful of inhaling the pungent vapours, the novice blows violently through the cigarette, and to hide his ignorance, declares with well-assumed disgust that "the thing won't draw." Since it is more than likely that the "mate" has not long gained proficiency himself, and has seized this opportunity to display his prowess, he will not be deceived by this subterfuge, but, with many jibes, will urge his victim to "pull in." Should this command be acceded to, there can be but one result. Amid much coughing and spluttering, the cigarette falls to the ground, while the unfortunate novice, pale and uneasy, awaits the issue of events. Nemesis descends swiftly and sharply, but the rite has been performed, and initiation is complete.

Our grandfathers, sitting in their big chairs beside the roaring fire, with long clay pipes

between their teeth, tell us that things were not so in their days. "They didn't smoke them bits o' things when I wur a lad," the old man will exclaim in fine disdain. It is highly probable they did not, but it is equally certain that they did something else instead, for after all the children of yesterday are the fathers of to-day, and no one can learn to smoke a clay pipe at a sitting. Besides, they do many things now undreamed of a generation ago.

The man of means discards his cigarette with the sixth inhalation; it is then passed on to the newspaper boy, who rescues it from the gutter. If he has delicate taste the boy removes the mud before smoking it; if he prefers a "full flavour" he does not. In any case its effect is the same. For a brief while that boy stands in imagination among "nobs" and "swells;" oblivious of the rags on his back, the grime on his face, he thrusts his hands into his pockets and smiles patronisingly on his less fortunate fellows. While the cigarette is between his lips he manages to forget the drizzling rain, the biting wind and the sloppy, gaping boots, which fail utterly in the duty for which they are intended, and enjoys to the full the envy predicted on the faces round him. After all, who amongst us is there so easily rendered impervious to unpleasant conditions of life? Would half a cigarette, raised even to the 6th power, enable us to throw off the canker of care, and to smile on the world? The possession of riches may give us a caustic sense of superiority, but I doubt if it equals the happiness experienced by the newspaper boy in his acquisition.

Therefore, when a human mite standing in the wet at the theatre door cries, "Gi'e us

yer tab, sir!" do not floun him down, resenting his request, but remember your neighbour's luxuries that you covet but cannot afford, and do as he asks. His "Thank yer, sir," will be ample recompense.

It is an easy matter to moralise on the evil of juvenile smoking. Righteous people hold up their hands in horror, kindly people say it is injurious, careful people denounce it as extravagant. Each estimate is correct, and explains in some measure the reason of its indulgence, for a boy's happiness is complete when he is shocking prudes, doing something he ought not to, and wasting his money. Life is mere colourless existence unless one of these enormities is being perpetrated; the concentrated performance of all three gives it a glowing tone of ruddy warmth. When wickedness is gradually being eliminated by the efforts of self-constituted censors, the juvenile smoker has much to be thankful for that he has evaded the attention of those undesirable persons to whom the promulgation of virtue has been entrusted. As this immunity from interference ceases when he reaches the age to which a glass of beer is the panacea of most ills, and when the cigarette gives place to a clay pipe, it is well that such short-lived freedom should have every facility for enjoyment.

Under these circumstances the manufacturers of cheap cigarettes appear as beneficent beings who with every packet of "Cinderellas" give away a modicum of happiness; for allowing that one cigarette in each packet produces untold anguish, there yet remain four, each with its hour of bliss. For to the purchaser of such, a cigarette is not to be

consumed in its entirety at one time. No, after a dozen "pulls" (for by this time the art of inhalation is accomplished) the fire is carefully extinguished, and the remnant, or "tag," consigned to a mysterious pocket where various fragments of a glorious past repose in heterogeneous confusion, or perhaps it is shared with a company of "pals," and, like the "loving cup" of yore, passes from mouth to mouth, its fragrant breath kindling a fellowship otherwise sought in vain. Thus, without extraneous intervention, quarrels become of rare occurrence, and the influence of tobacco, imparted during childhood, softens the angularities of life, and moments of solitude are never lonely while we hold "sweet communion" with things unseen, in dreams conjured up by a trusty pipe. For here is a friend whose resources are unlimited, and who never tires of providing the means wherewith to "drive dull care away."

R. J. NICHOLSON.

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## POPULAR LITERATURE IN 1899.

It is impossible in the small space at our disposal to do more than note briefly the various important works which have been published during the past year. Though fiction has, as usual, provided the preponderance of reading matter, it is a sign of the times that biography has run it very close in popular demand. The "interviews"—illustrated or otherwise—which have latterly flooded the press, paved the way for the publication of much undigested rubbish now

issued in book form. It is difficult to moderate the expression of irritation, not to say disgust, with which we regard much of the indiscreet revelation of matters altogether private, and never intended for the morbid appetites of the public view, which is put before us. We are glad the better-class journals have deplored, more or less strongly, the exploitation of domestic sanctity, and, having added our protest to theirs, we pass on to a cursory review of the books of the year.

None of our prominent writers of fiction have produced anything that will add to the lustre of their fame. Rudyard Kipling's "Stalkey and Co." is hardly a masterpiece; "King's Mirror (Anthony Hope) is up to standard, while the writer of "Gloria Mundi," and "The Market Place," has, alas, passed away. Among the lesser lights Richard Whiteing, with "No. 5, John Street" stands alone. We have had an opportunity lately of expressing our appreciation of this vigorously drawn picture of slum life. It fully merited the success it instantly received.

The Soudan campaign and the present war in South Africa have instigated the publication of a number of topical histories. The most popular were, perhaps, "Kitchener's Campaign," by Bennett Burley, and "The Transvaal from Within." The latter has met with an extraordinary amount of success. "With Kitchener to Khartoum," for which the late G. W. Steevens (the "Daily Mail" correspondent) was responsible, appears to deal chiefly with flies and dust; these alliterative titles pall somewhat. Of more importance is

Olive Shreiner's "An English South African's View of the Question;" as an apology for Kruger this book has its merits. Going farther afield, we are bound to acknowledge the debt of gratitude due to Lord Charles Beresford for his excellent "Break-up of China." The painstaking manner in which he has collected his valuable information must appeal to every Imperialist. It is somewhat unfortunate that the South African war should distract our attention from the enormous issues at stake in China. It may be before long that we shall be violently awakened to our interests in that country of inexhaustible wealth. We shall not be able to complain that Lord Beresford has neglected his duty in warning us. "Modern England under Victoria" is a carefully written history from the facile pen of Justin McCarthy.

The field of politics and economics has proved singularly unproductive. With the exception of "Fields, Factories, and Workshops" (Prince Kropotkin) the last twelve months have no significant work to chronicle.

The histories of two famous hunts swell the library of the sporting man. "The History of the Belvoir Hunt," by Frank Gillard, and "The Quorn Hunt and its Masters," from W. C. A. Blew, are interesting. Cricket is represented by W. G. Grace's "Recollections," and "Seventy-one Not Out" (William Caffyn). Both these books have attained a degree of success granted to any good account of Dr. W. G.'s experiences. "Fly Fishing," by Sir Edward Grey, is the latest addition to Dent's "Haddon Hall Library."

A SLINGER OF INK.

## THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

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THE danger of European complications which threatened us at the early stages of the war in South Africa, but which has of late become rather less acute, directed the attention of many towards the privations England would probably undergo from lack of food stuffs. The fact that we rely almost entirely upon the unrestricted passage of merchantile navies for the very necessities of life has long been recognised as of grave import. When, in conjunction with this, is reckoned the perilous condition of agriculture at home, the subject assumes an aspect as urgent as it is paradoxical.

The result of the slipshod manner in which our campaign in South Africa was at the outset conducted should teach the necessity, as far as possible, of avoiding in future this arrogant neglect of precautionary measures. For many years previous to the outbreak of hostilities, those best fitted to speak had been strenuously striving to rouse the authorities to a sense of their unpreparedness to meet a foe fully equipped with modern arms, but without avail.

Although the Board of Agriculture display a more satisfactory disposition to attack the question of emigration from the villages into the towns, there is still a tendency to equivocate and peddle where strong and virile action alone can meet the emergency. The main issue has too frequently been lost sight of in a multitude of technicalities. It has, to a very large extent, rested with private enterprise to seriously cope with the difficulty,

and to Mr. J. P. Medd must be assigned the credit of recognising clearly and distinctly the real cause which underlies the depopulation of our rural districts. In a paper which he contributed to the first issue of the *Eclectic Review* he sets forth succinctly these reasons and the remedy which we have at hand.

We have before us three excellent pamphlets published by the Agriculture Education Committee. In these, as in the earlier article which we had the pleasure of publishing, he states that the present method of elementary education in the country is for the most part entirely wrong. Farm labourers do not require a knowledge of commercial arithmetic, shorthand, or typewriting. Such a knowledge is not only unnecessary, but it unfits them for the manual work they are expected to undertake. They become restless and imbued with an erroneous impression of the exalted position a clerk holds in a great city. At such a time as the present when the clerk is a mere drug in the market, while the skilled artisan's labour is obtained only at a premium, it is remarkable that "learning" should command much respect, even in country districts.

Mr. Medd understands this, and points out that were the eyes of the agricultural labourer opened to the immense advantages that would accrue from a proper knowledge of his craft, he might possibly be induced to remain in the field and cultivate the land in a proper manner. To this end he strongly advocates that children should, from their earliest infancy, be accustomed to "the simple facts of Nature," and encouraged to interest themselves intelligently in all things appertaining thereto. In other words that the

reform of Rural Schools so long neglected should, without further loss of time, become an accomplished fact. Success in farming, he remarks, depends quite as much upon scientific knowledge, as upon practical training. Neither the one nor the other can be obtained under the present arrangement. The teachers are, in the majority of cases, utterly incompetent to undertake the instruction of children in subjects appertaining to a farm life. Whether properly trained teachers can be obtained in sufficient numbers to meet the needs of the country remains to be discovered.

In the meantime, our system would appear infinitely inferior to that of France, where a sound course has been put into active existence, and apparently with considerable success. In many instances their system is applicable to English life. Boys are taught in Primary Schools the elements of the science of agriculture. They are afterwards encouraged in the Practical Agricultural Schools by two years of thorough, practical, and theoretical training, to build upon the grounding obtained at the Primary Schools. The State provides the salaries of the staff, a small sum for general expenses, and a considerable sum for scholarships. These schools, although in many cases private speculations, are to a certain extent under the control of the Minister of Agriculture. There are other Higher Educational Schools, but it is to Primary Education that we must look for any permanent improvement in England.

That the question is far more serious than is generally recognised is a deplorable fact. What would result from even a momentary stoppage of our food supplies is too horrible

to contemplate with equanimity. It is to be sincerely hoped that those who are earnestly working towards a solution of the problem will in some measure secure a cessation of the "exodus from the villages."

R. J. NICHOLSON.

## VALE !

FAREWELL! And the tide of "sweet sorrow,"  
That ebbs with each whispered good-bye  
Will beat on the lonely to-morrow  
In an echo that never may die ;  
For expectant delight  
Is fast fading to-night,  
And I long for the silent reply—

For response that is told in eyes daring  
To speak, when the lips must be stilled,  
Of a heart that is happy in sharing  
The chalice that Kismet has filled.

Be it bitter or sweet,  
And the eyes chance to meet,  
It is nought what the fates may have willed.

But the shadow of parting is o'er us—  
The bright eyes are clouded with tears,  
And the prospect that opens before us  
Is a prospect of desolate years.

When the wind's dying moan  
Is an echoing tone  
Of the sorrowful message it bears.

Good-bye, for the spell has been broken ;  
With a shiver we list to the bell,  
That brings us a message unspoken  
Of Death, who is sounding the knell

Of Love's little life,  
While in agony's strife  
The sea birds are screaming "Farewell."

## TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

IN order to avoid considerable loss of time, we would be much obliged if correspondents would address their letters IMPERSONALLY either to the EDITOR or PUBLISHER of the "ECLECTIC REVIEW," according to the nature of the communication, and NOT by name to any member of the staff. Subscriptions should not be enclosed in letters to the Editor. Attention to these details will save much time and trouble, and place us under a further obligation to our valued correspondents.

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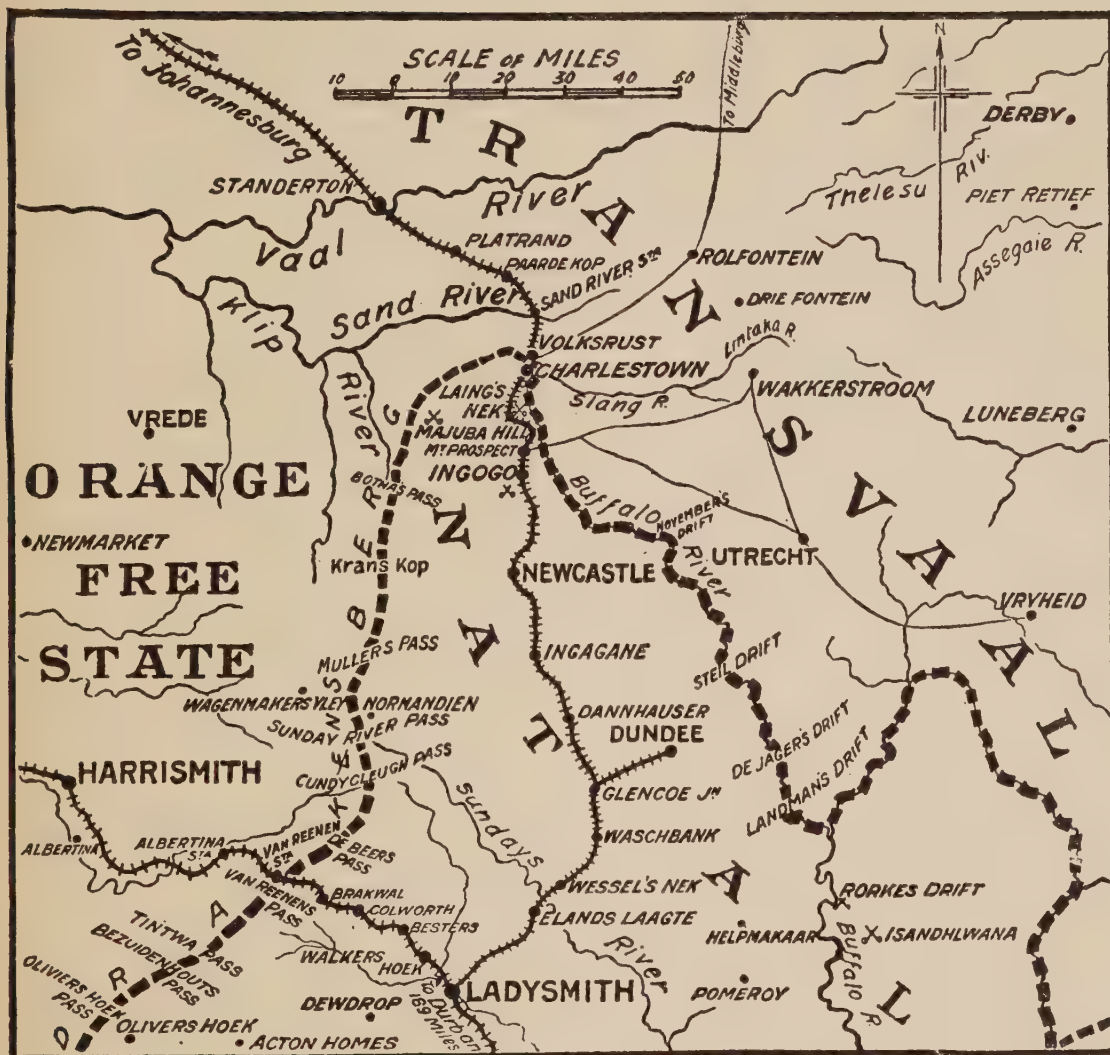


MAP.

reform of Rural Schools so long should, without further loss of time, be an accomplished fact. Success in fact, depends quite as much upon scientific knowledge, as upon practical experience. Neither the one nor the other can be obtained under the present arrangement. They are, in the majority of cases, incompetent to undertake the instruction in subjects appertaining to agriculture. Whether properly trained teachers can be obtained in sufficient numbers to meet the needs of the country remains to be seen.

In the meantime, our system works infinitely inferior to that of France. A sound course has been put in existence, and apparently with some success. In many instances their system is applicable to English life. Boys in Primary Schools the elements of agriculture. They are afterwards encouraged in the Practical Agriculture by two years of thorough, practical and theoretical training, to build upon the knowledge obtained at the Primary School. The Government provides the salaries of the staff, for general expenses, and a considerable sum for scholarships. These schools, in many cases private speculation, are under the control of the Government of Agriculture. There are no Agricultural Educational Schools, but it is in Agriculture that we must look for permanent improvement in England.

That the question is far more complicated than is generally recognised is a demonstrable fact. What would result from even a temporary stoppage of our food supplies is



ANOTHER "ECLECTIC" WAR MAP.

## "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

ITS HISTORY, ITS PLOT, ITS CHARACTERS.

THIS paper may prove of some little interest to my readers at this time when "The Midsummer Night's Dream" is being staged by one of our greatest actors, and for the first time in its history is being, or has been acted simultaneously at two of the London theatres. This most delightful play of Shakespeare's is classed by Professor Dowden among his early comedies, and the date of its publication is fixed at 1600, when it was brought out in two editions, (1) by Fisher, (2) by Roberts. It was written seemingly some years before it was brought out, for it contains references to the destructive floods and storms which ravaged England during the years 1593-94. Another reason assigned for this supposition, is that it was said to have been written, either for the marriage-feast of Southampton, or for that of Essex, which took place respectively in the years 1598 and 1590.

Professor Dowden divides the periods of Shakespeare's authorship into four parts, and poetically calls them (1) "In the workshop," (2) "In the world," (3) "Out of the depths," (4) "On the heights." It is to the second of these periods, which extended from 1595-1600, that the play, which we are now considering belongs. Shakespeare, when "in the workshop," spent his time in remodelling the plays of old authors, such as "Titus Andronicus," etc., etc., and only began to work for himself in

1595. "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Comedy of Errors," and others were the results of his first individual work. In them he gives the first evidence of the immortal genius, which was destined to stir the world. The play is brimming over with brightness, with lively imagination, with the mirth, merriment, and careless joy of youth. Though so replete with power, it is without the deep feeling and thought which characterizes his later plays. Such depth, however, is hardly to be expected in one of a young poet's earliest productions. It is supposed that Shakespeare got some of his ideas from the works of Chaucer, Greene, and North, and taking these ideas for a framework, weaved his wonderful and beautiful dream. The plot is somewhat complicated, on account of the several different sets of characters, who make their appearance on the scenes.

The play opens with the marriage feast of Theseus, Duke of Athens, and Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons. Some weavers decide to get up a play to amuse the royal couple on their wedding night, and fix upon the drama of "Pyramus and Thisbe." Before the night when the play is to be produced, the Fairy Queen and King, with Puck as a medium, play pranks on the company. Demetrius and Lysander, Helena and Hermia, lovers at the Court of Theseus, are plunged into a series of complications by the mischievous sprite. Demetrius and Lysander are at first both suitors for the hand of Hermia. Puck causes them both to fall in love with Helena, and finally restores Lysander to Hermia, and makes Demetrius happy with Helena. Oberon, the King of the Fairies,

places the head of an ass on Bottom's head, he being the chief of the weaver actors, and causes his Queen Titania to fall in love with him. Peace is finally restored, and all assemble to witness the performance of "Pyramus and Thisbe," which Bottom, now relieved of his appendage, ably conducts.

Everything is left to the imagination in the drama that follows. A man with a lantern and faggots represents the moon, another with plaster on his hand, the wall, through the chinks of which the lovers converse; while for fear of frightening the ladies, Snell, the joiner, who represents the lion, takes care to leave his face uncovered, and informs them as to his real personality. The dream ends with the re-union of the Fairy King with his consort, and Puck once more appears, but to bid farewell, having exhausted his store of merry pranks for the time.

A brief outline of the chief characteristics of the principal performers is necessary before closing this paper. First and foremost comes Theseus, one of Shakespeare's ideals of heroic manhood, a conqueror in every act and gesture, a gracious, pleasing man, who gives his kindly attention to the efforts of the actors to amuse him. He is a great chieftan, to whom "art is a very small concern of life, fit for a leisure hour between battle and battle." Hippolyta, his Queen, with the blood of her great forefather Hercules in her veins, is a woman with no imagination, no sense of the ridiculous, no patience with the faults of the players. Bottom, the immortal Bottom, full of his own self-admiration, and self-importance, who is assured that he can play any or all the parts with equal grace and skill. He can "roar you

as gently as a sucking dove," and is able also to play the part of Thisbe "with a monstrous little voice." Not a whit moved or surprised is he, when Oberon places on him the head of an ass, and makes the Fairy Queen his devoted love, but plays his new part as if he had been born to it. He is by far the most absurd and supremely ridiculous of Shakespeare's characters, a man with an unusual share of assurance, always buoyed up by the feeling that all he does is sure to be right.

There is little distinction between Hermia and Helena, except that the latter is, perhaps, more quiet and gentle than the former. They and their lovers appear mean and insignificant when compared with Theseus and his Queen. Puck, the Robin Goodfellow of old English fairy tales, makes his appearance, and works his wicked will among those with whom he comes in contact. He sets all to rights finally, and departs leaving everything in a better state than that in which he found them. "Titania," whose name, now a household word, was first connected by Shakespeare with the Queen of Fairies, appears with her consort in all the delightful mystery and glamour of Fairyland. Of Lysander and Demetrius, the eager, impatient lovers, of Snell, Quince, and Snout, of Egeus, and of those beautiful little inhabitants of Fairyland—Peas' Blossom, Colemel, Moth, Mustard-seed—there is little or nothing to say. They fade into insignificance when compared to the heroic Theseus, and to that "sweet bully" Bottom. They form small parts of the whole delightful comedy, which the "laughter-loving" poet has drawn and coloured so brightly, not only for the amusement of his own age, but for our pleasure, and for the endless diversion of the generations to come; "one of the most beautiful conceptions that ever visited the mind of a poet."

K. DODD.

## A BOOK OF THE MONTH.

THE WORSHIPPER OF THE IMAGE. (Richard le Gallienne). John Lane.

It was a timely anticipation that prompted Mr. le Gallienne to describe his prose poem as a "Tragic Fairy Tale;" this, at the outset, should prevent its perusal by those whose standards are material, or at least disarm criticism from that point of view. Further elimination is hardly necessary; and so, granting that we do not judge by the opinions that obtain in conventional life, we are still at liberty to criticise within the horizon by which we are thus bounded.

Antony, the worshipper of the image, is one of those unhealthy beings to whom Beauty is a god, to whom humanity, at large or in particular, are subjects for experiment, not to be loved or hated, but to serve their turn in the working out of an ideal beside which all else is incomparably worthless. The evolution of this person's character is delineated with extreme subtlety. The utterly cynical self-surrender to temperamental proclivities, which finally submerges all natural attributes, is foreshadowed by isolated incidents which lead up to the sacrifice of his child. Her death plunges him into a paroxysm of remorse which re-unites him to his much-neglected wife, until a reaction sets in, and his last tie with the less ideal but more healthy world is severed by the suicide of Beatrice, his wife.

That a plaster cast of a woman's face, feature for feature like Beatrice, should have

been the destroyer of his domestic tranquility, will be admitted after a moment's thought as but proper. To those of Anthony's mould, art is Nature idealised and more beautiful, more desirable, and therefore since art had created an idealised Beatrice, it was but logical that he should prefer to commune with this strange "image." Moreover, the cult precludes all possibility of goodness; and we are not surprised to learn that those who had in times past come under the evil spell of *Silencieux*, as his idol is daintily named, had met with fates as violent as are repellant the "artistic" trappings with which they were decked.

It would be a matter for congratulation if we could believe that Mr. le Gallienne had written this book in satirical vein; and we might be tempted to believe it were so, but for the beautiful casing in which he has set his story. Exquisite word pictures betraying an intense sympathy with Nature and her moods, are sandwiched between pages whose hideous cynicism evokes irrepressible exclamations of disgust. Surely no words have yet been penned that equal in delicate beauty the chapter entitled "a song of the little dead." The love of Nature for little children is expressed in language as simply plaintive as the mute pathos of the little graves themselves. And yet a short distance further on, we read such an offence as the following:

"Once on a time there was a beautiful girl who died, and from her grave grew a wonderful flower, which all the world came to see 'Yet it seems a pity,' said one, 'that so beautiful a girl should have died. 'Ah,' said a poet who was standing by, 'there was no other way of making the flower!'"

It is difficult to believe that such passages as these are inserted for any motive other than a cynical delight in outraging every canon of decent sentiment.

At the risk of being dubbed "carping," we venture to protest against the coining of such a word as "skyey," as expressing altitude approximating the clouds. "Skyey exaltation" is neither beautiful nor correct, and Mr. le Gallienne's vocabulary is not so limited as to require any additions of this sort.

There is also a typographical error in the "contents," where chapter XXI. is headed "Resurgas," while in the text it stands as "Resurgam."

"The worshipper of the image" will probably attain a popularity as great as any of the previous productions from the same writer, and there is so much that merits success that we regret the presence of any evidence of the pessimistic cult.

A SLINGER OF INK.

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#### THE IRELAND FAMILY.

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WE regret we are unable to publish a further instalment of these articles this month, owing to Mr. Libbis' illness. We hope to continue the series with our April issue.

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THE ECLECTIC REVIEW is on sale at Messrs. Abel Heywood and Son, Oldham Street, Manchester, and Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes, booksellers, Cross Street, Manchester. It may also be ordered through any bookseller throughout the kingdom,

## ARE WE PATRIOTIC?

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A WRITER in one of our leading daily papers asserted that there was no patriotism except such as was manufactured by the newspapers. At first sight one is inclined to angrily deny the truth of this sweeping assertion, and to point to the stream of civilians who have offered their lives to the defence of our country. But that is avoiding the question at issue, and, the more one thinks about it, the more difficult does it become to satisfactorily repudiate the slur that is cast upon our patriotism. It is very well, and very comforting, to claim that because—because, mind—we are noisy, that therefore our patriotism is too deep for words; that *because* we bear our defeats with equanimity, we are, therefore, Stoics in the subjection of our emotions. It may be so, of course, and for a time our neighbours over the water may applaud our dignity and self possession. But this does not in the least degree weaken the argument that our patriotism—granting that it exists—needs some very drastic stimulant before it evidences itself. That the agent in this case should happen to be the Press is not surprising. For many years our opinions have been swayed by what we read at breakfast—for the evening papers always require corroboration. The only authority on which we may condemn or endorse is the newspaper. I do not speak of parochial matters, but of such as more widely concern the nation; and when the present war broke out public opinion, such as it was, swayed hither and thither in dubious perplexity. No one knew very much about

the South African Question; they cared still less—at first. Then comes the cry for reinforcements of men and money; with it, also, came the chance of the newspapers. Doggrel, ditties, prayers, hymns—all were impressed into the service of the nation. No paper was efficient unless its readers were permitted to scan—or try to—the doggrel of our popular poets; no concert was complete unless the performance included the sorry rendering of the patriotic ditty; no pulpit oration satisfactory that did not open or close with the emotional appeal to Providence suggested by the daily paper. Who doubts the reality of a National Church now? The success of this movement was absolute. The cynic may smile, the scoffer may sneer, but the fact remains, that as the circulation of these energetic conscience-prickers went up, so rose the tide of public spirit. This is not a palatable fact. It is not nice to realise that unless we are roused by some extraneous agent, we decline to interest ourselves in the affairs of our country. It is so easy to be dignified under an affliction which we do not feel. There is much comfort in confidence in our subsequent success when we neither understand nor face the consequences of a contrary issue. What do we care that every national institution is throttled for lack of funds? Do we appreciate the slur that attaches to the blazen advertisements of "Lifeboat Saturday," of "Hospital Saturday?" What is it to us? We never risk our lives on the ocean, and if we are unfortunate enough to be ill we have the best-paid doctors at our own bed sides. The raging diseases that decimate our scandalous slums cause us no more than a passing

stricture on the ignorance of the poor and their lack of sanitary precautions. And when a lifeboat "turns turtle" we murmur "what a pity," and wonder that such things are allowed to happen in this age of scientific invention.

Of course this is mostly due to the fact that we know nothing of the case. We do not read about such things as offend our dainty susceptibilities. Men risk their lives because they are paid to do so. If they die, well, they take those chances. Further than that we do not care to inquire. There are those whose duty it is to regulate the necessary nastiness of life in such a way that it shall enforce itself upon our notice as little as possible.

So what is this patriotism with which we have lately become so swollen? Why have we finally thrown off the cloak of stoicism and let ourselves go a little? It is this, that the public press—all credit to it—has at last evoked some real honest interest in the affairs of our country; that we now, at the eleventh hour, have come to understand what our Colonies realised at the first, that we each of us have a responsibility to share; that if wrong is done we are each one of us guilty, and if the right thing is done badly, we must see to it that it is better done next time. How much real sacrifice has been made it is impossible to estimate. That the demand has been readily met in many quarters is unquestionable. That the task is not yet done no one can doubt. The appeal of famished India has been drowned by more picturesque and dramatic episodes in South Africa. We cannot shirk our liability because of that. Until we have foregone some pleasure, some luxury in the cause of our Empire, we cannot claim to be patriotic. So long as we indulge ourselves, we lie when we whimper "I cannot afford my country any more. I have done my share."

## SOME INDIAN SKETCHES.

## VI. The Beginning of the End

[CONTINUED.]

I know I ought to have taken advantage of the opportunity then graciously vouchsafed to me by the eccentricity of the Italian climate, and studied minutely the origin and history of the thousand works of art and science that grace "beautiful Venice." But, as a matter of fact, anger had the better of me and I did not. Of course, my enthusiastic fellow-travellers dragged me up towers, through picture galleries, down cold dungeons, round piazzas and piazzettas. Of course I had to stand for hours in cold, draughty halls while they traced the paintings and sculptures through their catalogues, or read out extracts of dry history about old bridges, and staircases, and corridors, and salas, and stanzas, and rivers, and senatos, and quadratos, and collogios, and numberless other things, ending with an "a" or an "o" too numerous to mention. My feet, my poor feet had, under protest to be with my companions, but my heart was far, very far indeed, from them. My mind, my thoughts, my disembodied unselfish self, which at other times is usually soaring after high art and intellectual grandeur of sorts, was on this occasion lowered to the level of an hotel bill (its probable length, and the probability of my inability to pay it) with the points occasionally turned on to the line of shirt, collars, boots, handkerchiefs, and socks, and the extremely doubtful likelihood of their lasting the full time of

my imprisonment in foreign parts. Three days and four nights did I thus spend in fear and trembling over my purse and my portmanteau. During the whole of that time one thing only did I appreciate, and that was in my visit to the scene that inspired Byron, the spot where

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,  
A palace and a prison on each hand."

I found in the torture chambers of the Piombi something even more revolting than my bedroom at the hotel, and for awhile I managed to arouse a more sombre interest in the half-ruined dungeons, the cold dark night before execution, the headless criminal, the damp, blood-stained walls, than in my most desperate moments I was even able to centre on my empty sovereign box or my full, dirty clothes bag. It was, indeed, a comfort to feel that (though true, it was more than a century ago) there was, at least at one time, more hopelessly miserable people in Venice than even I, the thwarted exile from the East.

But thank goodness there is an end to all things and at the moment I was seriously meditating an end to myself I saw the beginning of a long end to my despair over Italian eccentricities and the abundance of Venetian swindles. But it was a desperate effort to which I committed myself, positively the last straw on which I ventured an attachment—nothing less than the only way between Venice and London, *viâ* every country in Europe, Norway and Sweden perhaps excepted. It must be done, but it was a little trying to one's bodily and mental, not to mention linguistic, powers. "Je," as I have said before, being the only Continental word I had

thoroughly mastered, it is a marvel to me how I escaped all the workhouses in Austria, and all the lock-ups in Germany and France. I fancy it was because I was never seen in any territory without a bunch of grapes and an apple in my hand that I evaded arrest on the charge of "having no ostensible means of livelihood."

Well! our first object (I say we, for in this reckless expedition I was happily joined by two equally desperate companions) was, by hook or by crook, through field and flood to reach Trieste somehow. The journey was not so long, not so tiring, not so beset with difficulties, as it might have been. The country was under water, we had to change trains over a couple of broken culverts, we were shaken almost into pulp, and our diet was of a Rosherville Garden nature, beer and apples only; otherwise the opening trip was, on the whole, an agreeable surprise. The only place of note that we passed was Udine. It had a Castle, high Tower, and a Cathedral, and a Palace, and a Piazza, and numberless renowned specimens of marble sculpture, but I am thankful to say that it was too dark to see any of them. It was quite enough for me that the city was known as a miniature Venice. I rejoice also to say that we did not go into Trieste and sojourn there for a time, as is the custom of most travellers by this route.

Of course there was certain pain in the thought that the Illyrian race were deprived of the pleasure of my company for a night, but it was incomparable with the delight I felt in being spared the irritating craving for knowledge on the part of my two companions, and all the infliction of being

dragged by them through Byzantine Cathedrals and up Austro-Hungarian turrets at midnight. To escape all this, we halted at a junction, by name Nabresina, renowned, as far as one could judge from a cursory acquaintance, for its lifelessness, its gruelliness, its backwardness in the culinary art of boiling ham, and its utter inability to provide a decent bedroom. It excels, also, in the manufacture of its "Restoration" charges—three of us, at the risk of a shattered constitution, having partaken of a half-done potato and a raw slice off an antiquated resident of a third-class pigstye, at the moderate cost of one pound sterling each. I was rather glad to get away from this place.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### MILITARY CHRISTMAS CARDS.

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To the Editor of the ECLECTIC REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to see "R. W.'s" reply to my letter in this month's ECLECTIC REVIEW *apropos* of Military Christmas Cards, and felt much satisfaction in being assured that such a production as I feared he countenanced would have been as repugnant to himself as I am sure it would have been to any right-minded Britisher.—Yours etc.,

K. C. N.

[This correspondence must now cease.—Ed. E.R.]

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**Please read the enclosed slip, and do NOT address the Editor or Publisher by name when writing on business.**

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Printed for the Proprietors by ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, 56 & 58, Oldham Street, Manchester.

Volume 4

Number 11

• THE •

ECLECTIC

REVIEW

A Record of •

Social Economy

• Politics and •

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SIXPENCE

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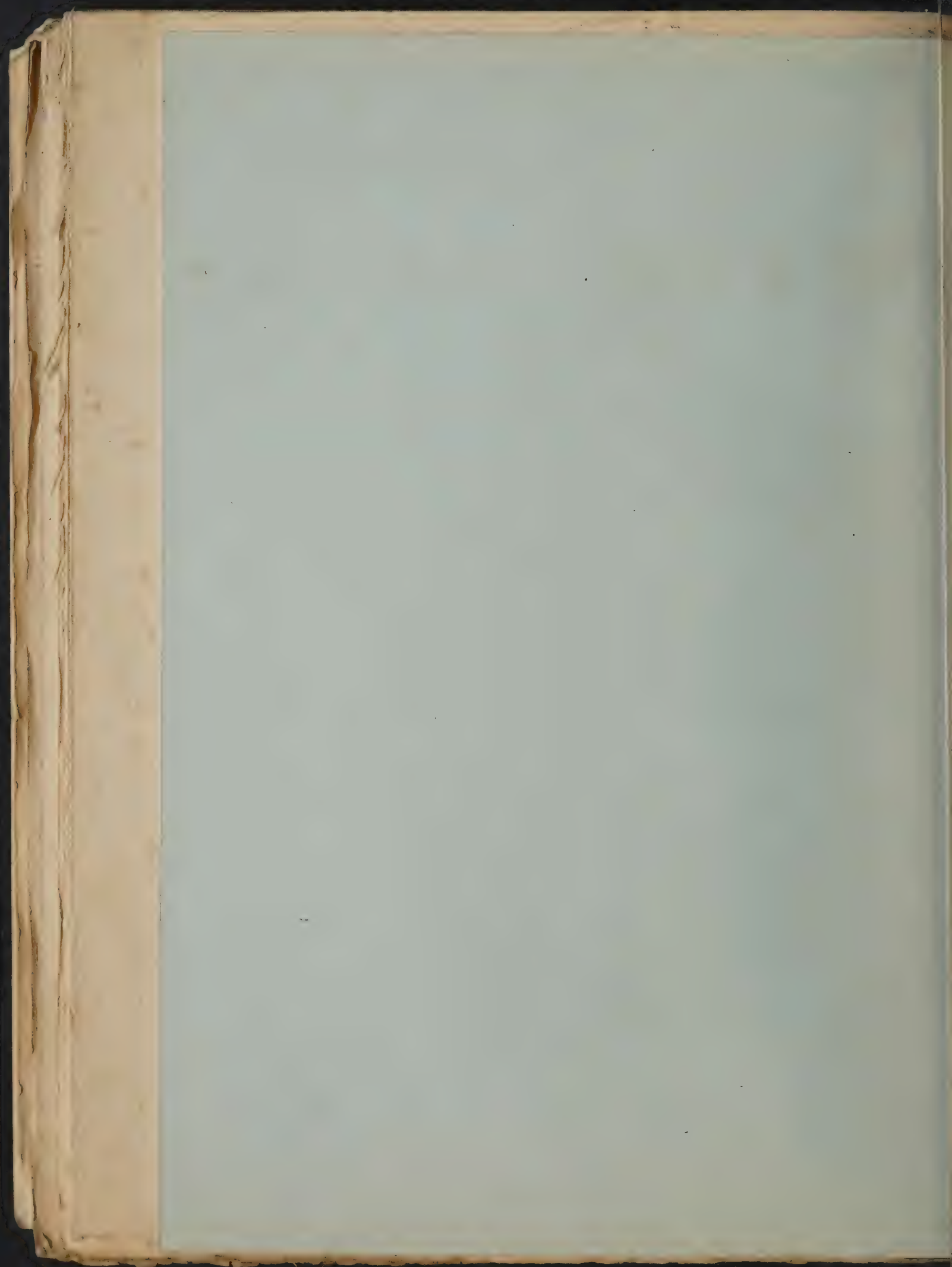
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APRIL 14th, 1900.

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# The Eclectic Review

No. 14.

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Price 6d.

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## NOTICE.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW is published once a month. The subscription, payable in advance, is 1s. 9d. for three months, 3s. 6d. for six months, 7s. for twelve months. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to R. J. Nicholson, and crossed. The office is at 7, NORTHUMBERLAND STREET, HIGHER BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, where all communications should be addressed. Correspondents will confer a favour by addressing distinctively either the PUBLISHER or the EDITOR of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, according to the nature of the business to which the communication refers.

TELEGRAMS: "NICHOLSON, HIGHER BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER."

TELEPHONE No. 41, BROUGHTON.

## ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

WINTER lingers in the lap of Spring this year, and we look in vain, so far, for the balmy airs, and bright sunshine, that should usher in the poet's season. March was inaugurated in fairly leonine fashion, but it certainly did not make its exit in the orthodox lamblike way. We have been blessed mostly with fog, snow, and frost, right up to the end of the month, while the expected "equinoctials" have not been as conspicuous as usual, an omission for which those whose duties call them "to go down to the sea in ships" will have been duly thankful. Even to the seasoned mariner rough and tempestuous weather presents anything but an inviting aspect, but to the landsman the horrors of such a prospect are naturally increased tenfold. Sea sickness, gout, toothache, and one or two other evils, most erroneously classed as lesser, are prone to excite sentiments of derision and mirth in the breasts of the unsympathetic. Certainly *mal de mer* has its laughable side, but it is none the less, as the Irishman would say, "a most disthrestful complaint," and one from which only the few can claim immunity. Apropos of this subject the late Bishop Walsham How is credited with a funny story of a clergyman, who was called upon to exercise his professional functions one Sunday

morning on board ship. The sea was not in the most amiable of moods, and doubtless the poor parson was in an analagous condition. At any rate he had not got beyond the words which assert that "we are moved in sundry places" before he was himself compelled to execute a strategic movement, over the results of which it is best to draw a veil.

THE elements exercise undisputed sway over us all. Unlike Canute of old we do not need to show *coram populo*, that man is but an atom indeed, when brought in contact with the forces of Nature, for even the humblest and most ignorant in these enlightened days will admit that we are as powerless as ever to control storm and tempest, and that the inspired passage commencing "The wind bloweth where it listeth" is as true as ever. Such thoughts as these remind me of some experiences in foreign climes. It is almost impossible for those who have never passed beyond the bounds of the continent of which our Islands form a part, to realise the awful severity of sub-tropical storms. I shall never forget my experience of a Chinese typhoon. It was not by any means one of the *most* destructive type, but it afforded a very fair sample of what enormous power is exerted in such latitudes by these terrible tornadoes. Arising with very little warning, the power of the tempest is overwhelming, the loudest cries cannot be heard a couple of yards away, the scream of the wind, and the hissing of the water, overwhelm all else. Iron stanchions are twisted into matchwood, and sails rent like paper, and happy indeed is the vessel that weathers the cyclone without loss of life. A

trip from Liverpool to the Isle of Man on a rough day is lively enough, but it is child's play indeed when compared with the Chinese typhoon, the Bengal or Atlantic cyclone, or the Mauritius hurricane.

THE free picture swindle is not dead yet. Carlyle's dictum that the world consisted largely of fools must have some truth in it, or these gentry would not spend the money they do in advertising, in circulars, and in postage. Not long ago I received a type-written communication from one Tanqueray, of Paris, offering to make me a life-size crayon reproduction of any photo I chose to send him, his reason for such a philanthropic proceeding, consisting in his desire for advertisement, which he trusted to me to procure for him, by the simple exhibition of his artistic production. No frame need be purchased, wrote honest Tanqueray, he was no frame maker, but an artist pure and simple, and the picture was to be sent absolutely free. I sent an odd photo, not of myself by the way, and awaited results. The sequel may be guessed. In the course of ten days or so I received another type-written letter, which informed me of the completion of my picture, and warmly extolled its beauty, and its life-like appearance. I am urged to buy a frame (notwithstanding the statement previously made) at a cost of from one to two pounds, but the guileless artist hastens to add that he in no way compels me to go to this expense, and that should I desire the portrait unframed, he will have pleasure in despatching it "to my home" *free*, on receipt of eight shillings to defray packing and postage, etc. I suppose he receives this sum from a certain

number of dupes. Needless to say I have not arranged for the despatch of *my* free portrait.

THE mortality of infants is a subject which like the poor is ever with us, and while it is true that steps have comparatively recently been taken which have for their object the reduction of the heavy percentage which is typical of infant death rate, it is none the less apparent that much remains to be done. Dr. Porter, of Stockport, has been investigating the question as regards his borough, and his conclusions are applicable to most of the large towns of England. Errors in diet, foolish feeding, dirty and unscientific feeding-bottles, swell the death rate in Stockport as they do elsewhere. The pity of it all is that the mothers of children are not only ignorant—that could be condoned—but they refuse to learn. How many times is the same answer given by a mother, to the question put by a medical man, as to what the child is fed on. "Oh!" replies she, "it has a bit of what we have ourselves." And when remonstrated with as to the unwisdom of treating a tender infant of nine or ten months like a brewer's drayman, the sympathetic mother will retaliate with the assertion that "milk don't seem to satisfy it." Not long ago I read an account of an inquest on a baby of thirteen months, who had been fed for the last five months of its short life on tripe, bloaters, tea, cheese, pastry, potatoes, bread, and bacon. These details were skilfully elicited by the coroner, who very properly censured the mother for her folly. But *cui bono?* The evil continues, and none remain so ignorant as those who *will* not learn.

MR. SHELDON'S experiment has proved, as was only to be expected, a complete fiasco. Probably all my readers are acquainted with that exceedingly feeble work *In His Steps*, which like many another similar production enjoys a *succès d'estime*, only to attain after an ephemeral existence, an ignoble grave in the penny bookstall. It is a mystery often how such effusions achieve even the temporary success they do. Doubtless in the case under notice, a certain originality was the chief element, but the want of interest in the story itself, and the utter absurdity of the position taken up by the characters in the sketch, were sufficient to debar the work from any chance of permanent popularity. Stimulated, doubtless, by the partial success he obtained, Mr. Sheldon proceeded to put his ideas into practical form. Securing for a period an American daily, he edited it on the lines indicated in his published story. Under such circumstances a paper seems to have been produced, the contents of which consisted principally of accounts of the Indian famine, temperance tracts, and sermons. Of course the novelty of such a production has secured for its brief existence a monetary return, but as no attempt is to be made to establish it permanently, and as its author admits its failure, we can only conclude that the public at large desire their daily literary pabulum to be somewhat more comprehensive than was indicated in Mr. Sheldon's prospectus and exhibited in his now defunct "daily."

R. W. W.

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## SOME INDIAN SKETCHES.

## VII. The End.

The next morning came at last—I thought it was never coming—and we were on our way to Vienna. It is time that I recorded something pleasant in connection with my journey from Brindisi to London, and I therefore select this portion of my trip for praise, I may indeed add for unqualified praise. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scenery. The recent heavy rainfall had added much to the natural beauty of the country over which and through which we were continually passing, between the splendid sunrise and the perfect sunset of that enjoyable day. Our only regret was that we had to travel by night over the prettiest part, the Semmerina Pass, with its thirty tunnels, each opening on to views of fresh magnificence. I was never so annoyed with the shades of night for falling fast as I was on this occasion, more especially as they had barely fallen before we found ourselves at Vienna, another Continental town, full of expensive meals and fatal staircases, with another dread prospect before me of being once more dragged the rounds of minarets and cathedrals, and being wearied with sight-seeing in which my mind, much less my legs, delighted not. Happily that night I had a slight attack of fever and ague, which I gladly magnified into absolute prostration and total inability to stir one limb beyond the cozy fireplace of the hotel reading-room. Vienna is a very beautiful city, full of Churches, Cathedrals, and Picture Galleries (so my energetic companions told me), but

the Vienna of my day was also a very wet, a very cold, and a very wintry village, and under the circumstances, I deemed it more discreet to decline the pleasure the inspection of all these monuments might have afforded me, than to risk the erection of a monument over my bronchial remains by a disconsolate circle of admiring relations and friends. An Imperial cigar over the fireplace of the Imperial Hotel was the occupation wherewith I was occupied while my fellow-travellers were alternatively doing, and being done by, the Imperial City of Austria.

We left Vienna by the midday train of the next morning, and we ceased not to travel till we reached Cologne on the morning following. The scenery through which we passed was not so lovely as that of the previous day, but it was very grand in parts, specially where we had peeps of the Danube and the Rhine. It was also a pleasant journey for me, inasmuch as I was able to secure a Mann's sleeping car, and thereby rest those weary limbs that alternate fever and sight-seeing had well-nigh paralyzed during the past week. Arrived at Cologne and gratified by the only square meal I had enjoyed for many days, I was induced in a placid moment to visit the world-famed Cathedral of that city. Its height, though grand, seemed to me somewhat out of proportion to its width, but apart from this defect its colossal proportions generally, and its magnificent architecture, could not fail to inspire feelings of the deepest admiration. Well, it ought to be something out of the common, considering the time and money spent on its construction—two million pounds spread over rather more than 600 years.

Cologne itself was much the same as it always is—dirty and smelly. I thought at the time how fully justified was the remark that, in point of scent, it was difficult to say which was strongest—Eau de Cologne or Cologne odour.

Leaving Cologne about one o'clock in the afternoon, we continued our journey—this time we rejoiced to think—through the last stage of our travels. We passed by Aix la Chapelle and other places of historical interest, and finally reached the clean, respectable town of Brussels, about dinner time. From thence our journey to Calais was devoid of adventure, though full of annoyance, chiefly from the Custom House Officials on the borders of France. The Italians and Austrians were bad enough in this respect, but they did not, like the French, consider one wholly incapable of speaking the truth.

I shall long remember that cold midnight on the French frontier, being woke out of deep slumber to drag my heavy boxes along a dreary platform, having everything in those boxes turned out on the floor by a wretched old woman of at least threescore years and ten, and being left, as best I could in two minutes, to repack everything I had taken hours to arrange systematically before I set out on my journey. Happily the sight of the Straits and the distant cliffs of Dover for a time made me forget my troubles. A few hours more and we were on our native soil, knowing the language and surfeited with politeness. Yet another sixty minutes the streak of dawn appeared, and with it the dear old foggy smoke scene of my nativity—the ancient Llyn-din—the chosen capital of Alfred the Great, the world's best city. Oh! the joy

unspeakable. Oh! the relief beyond description that I realized that happy morn. It was but thirty minutes from the moment of my triumphal entry into Charing Cross that I found myself the beaming victim of family embraces, the grateful recipient of an honest breakfast, the welcomed guest at my parental fireside. It was nice to be free and to be made much of again after all my bitter experiences as a prisoner at Venice, and being treated with amazing indifference by most of the nations in Europe.

VERBUM SAP.

## CECIL RHODES AND THE RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY.

CECIL Rhodes will live to regret his strictures on the relief of Kimberley, as reported in the "Daily Mail" of March 17th. Those good people who have hitherto regarded him in the light of a hero will realise a new phase in his character. How far the severity of the siege, for which many will hold that his presence in the town was largely responsible, influenced his judgment, it is impossible to say, but there is no doubt that the friction that had existed between him and the military authorities evoked expressions of rancour which ill befit the obligations to the country that he cannot deny.

It was impossible at the time he stigmatised the protracted movements which culminated in the relief of Kimberley as "messaging about at Rensberg and Colesberg," that he could have had any conception of the magnitude of the operations, or of the disadvantages the

column laboured under previous to the accession of Lord Roberts to the command. He had neither means nor information to enable him to form a fair basis of opinion, and yet he does not hesitate to criticise the plan of campaign which Buller, in the early stages of the war, had laid down, but which, under altered circumstances, he thought fit to modify.

"I suppose you people in England have such wonderful ideas about his generalship," he is reported to have said; and then he goes on, on this assumption, to disabuse our minds, in terms of vulgar and self-satisfied insolence, of any such conception of Buller's capability as a leader of men. To do so, he needs must profess a knowledge of those plans denied to the ordinary person. He is in the swim. He is the confidant of Rulers, the advisor of Emperors, the main-stay of Powers, the Nation-builder, the maker of Empires. Well might he look "tired and worried," when he "had taken on himself the care of a beleaguered town for months."

Buller's plan of relieving Kimberley and falling back, with its inhabitants, on the Orange River, he denounces as a "disgrace," "scandalous." "Why should an English general plan a retreat, arrange to fall back?" he cries. "It is simply monstrous." To Cecil Rhodes' mammoth intellect the value of Kimberley as a strategical position is at once apparent. Not so to the puny mind of Buller, who had probably regarded the diamond mines in quite a different light. Perhaps Buller has no shares in De Beers. Perhaps he thought the more England gained and the less millionaires were considered the better

would those who had to find the wherewithall to carry on the war be pleased. But of course it was there that his judgment erred. Trust Rhodes to fix on those weak points. He knows well enough of what paramount interest are Kimberley, Johannesburg, and such centres of commercial industry to the mother-country. Fancy leaving all that precious machinery to the tender mercy of rude, rough Boers! Disgraceful!

And then, again, Colonel Kekewich had shown a singular lack of appreciation of Cecil Rhodes' indefatigable energy in organising the defences of the town. Cecil Rhodes' social position as the colleague of aristocrats, and intimate of Cabinet Ministers appears to have been completely ignored, and with an uncouth discourtesy which will surely entail a severe reprimand. The mere military man usurped the command, and this in the face of the anomaly that while there were only 500 troops in the town, the Nation-builder had organised a body of 4,500 additional armed defenders! Colonel Kekewich's rule, we are informed, "was singularly narrow, unsympathetic, arbitrary, and annoying to the able men who felt, and had reason to feel, that upon them and the local volunteers depended whatever protection the people were to get." Have these "able men" ever tried to realise to what extent they were responsible for the bloodshed and suffering the siege of Kimberley and its relief entailed? We fear not. Further than that, we fear that an ability which, in the past, has been capable of such strange uses, must for ever be incapable of experiencing any such generous emotions as realisation demands.

We dare not dwell upon Mr. Rhodes' miserable whinings, and bumptious insolence. He dilates on the achievements he attained; how a cannon was built, how a water-main from the mines was constructed, how a soup kitchen was organised, but he omits all mention of that wonderful avenue of trees that is to remind posterity that Cecil Rhodes was besieged in Kimberley. In everything, he complains, "The military worried us." They were pessimistic; they would not trust him; they did not believe either in him or his schemes. And this was unkind because his bigger enterprises, the more pretentious deeds of daring, such as raids and things, missed success only through other people's stupidity.

The fact that influential people have declared that Cecil Rhodes would be shot if he showed himself in Cape Town was pooh-poohed as "absolutely silly." He admitted that some of the leading men hated him, "but not the others." His explanation of this hatred is typical of the delightfully modest self-abasement that has accounted for so much of Cecil Rhodes' popularity and financial success:—

"It is because they see in me the embodiment of English ideas," he said.

"Then may God help England," is our devout prayer.

R. J. N.

## A BOOK OF THE MONTH.

"MR. THOMAS ATKINS" (E. J. Hardy). T. Fisher Unwin.

As "chaplain to the forces" for twenty-two years, Mr. Hardy has had an enviable opportunity of studying soldier life, though the book before us does not give any evidence of his having availed himself of that opportunity to any particular advantage. If he has succeeded in gaining that sympathetic confidence from the men, which he assures us is necessary for the effectual ministration to their spiritual wants, there is nothing in the book that leads us to suppose that he has broken down the barrier of reserve. His comments on men and things are superficial, and his diagnosis of character betrays a complete absence of that innate, unconscious, and spontaneous sympathy with human nature without which all effort is unavailing.

However, Mr. Hardy does not profess to deal very seriously with his subject, except in regard to certain matters, principally temperance, and the last half is so very much better than the first that the irritation which is early awakened by his diatribes against drink, is soothed e'er we finish the book. That the writer had a considerable "temperance" bias before starting his duties as chaplain is shown by a little incident which he ingenuously relates:—

"One day I noticed in the streets of Valetta, in Malta, several soldiers with badges on the backs of their helmets. 'What a drunken lot!' I said to myself, for I thought they had become intoxicated after landing from the troopship, and had turned the front of their helmets to the back."

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On closer inspection they were discovered to be the Gloucesters, who, for their bravery when attacked front and rear before Alexandria, wear the Sphinx both in front and on the back of their helmets.

After such an episode as this, we shall hardly be surprised to find that the question of temperance is not discussed with any degree of impartiality. Indeed, the leaning towards tea and buns is very clearly indicated, and it is freely implied that most of the evils of a soldier's life are traceable to the public house or canteen.

When Mr. Hardy drops his moralising, and confines himself to descriptions of soldier-life, he is readable enough. Though he does not appear to have anything new or fresh to tell us, he manages to hash up old material in quite an attractive form. He waxes positively enthusiastic over the subject of "Recreation Workshops." And indeed it is very necessary that the soldier should have some trade to turn his hand to when his seven years are up. The institution of manual exercise classes sounds a sensible suggestion, though we cannot endorse the recommendation that the *Engineer* (a paper Mr. Hardy has probably never seen) should be put into the hands of the amateur craftsman to guide him in his work.

With regard to games, Mr. Hardy notes that among other things the "Tommies" are very keen billiard players. He asserts that in some cases the cloth has to be renewed every month or fortnight! As a remedy for this, we would suggest that the example of a club we once visited should be imitated, and the following notice posted up: "Gentlemen are requested not to put their feet on the table."

There are a number of good stories scattered through the book. We do not remember having seen this before: "A regiment had been route-marching five or six days before Sunday, and had completed a hundred miles. The first hymn at the Parade Service began, 'Art thou weary?' A chorus of half-suppressed 'yes,' was heard by the chaplain after he had read the words."

Mr. Hardy's humour runs to seed to a very painful degree, sometimes, and there are phrases and sentences that it is incredible he should have passed in the proofs. For example: "The run of a ship and the hour and day when she will get to her destination form a standing subject of conversation and, I may add, occasion for gambling by those who are not wise enough to think that the man who does not bet is better than a better." Appalling! Is this the kind of stuff with which he fascinates the men?

The "gentleman private" is very severely handled. At the outset: "It is a mistake to suppose that dissipation, gambling, and idleness are always the causes of the enlistment of a 'gentleman.'" One way of telling a gentleman from a "common or garden Tommy" is by the different kinds of swearing. The gentleman "respects the aspirate, and is profane without being obscene."

In a chapter headed "Active Service" we have some interesting comments on Tommy's bravery in action. There is a significant and deserved reproof in the following sentence: "We take it for granted; we become so accustomed to read of the coolness of Mr. Thomas Atkins amid a hail of bullets, that we begin to fancy that with a good umbrella we would be equally indifferent to the shower."

What is courage?

"If one did not know you, colonel," said a subaltern, "one would say you were afraid."

"Boy," was the answer, "if you were half as much afraid as I am, you would run away."

Perhaps as attractive a feature of this book as any is the illustrations, to the number of fifteen, which accompany the letterpress. They are most excellent specimens of photograph reproduction, and add much to the enjoyment of reading. If it were not for the author's tendency to "preach," and occasionally to patronise his readers, we could freely recommend his account of soldier life. Since there are many who will in no way resent these evidences of his profession, we are sure there are many who will enjoy his book.

A SLINGER OF INK.

## TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

IN order to avoid considerable loss of time, we would be much obliged if correspondents would address their letters IMPERSONALLY either to the EDITOR or PUBLISHER of the "ECLECTIC REVIEW," according to the nature of the communication, and NOT by name to any member of the staff. Subscriptions should not be enclosed in letters to the Editor. Attention to these details will save much time and trouble, and place us under a further obligation to our valued correspondents.



MAP.

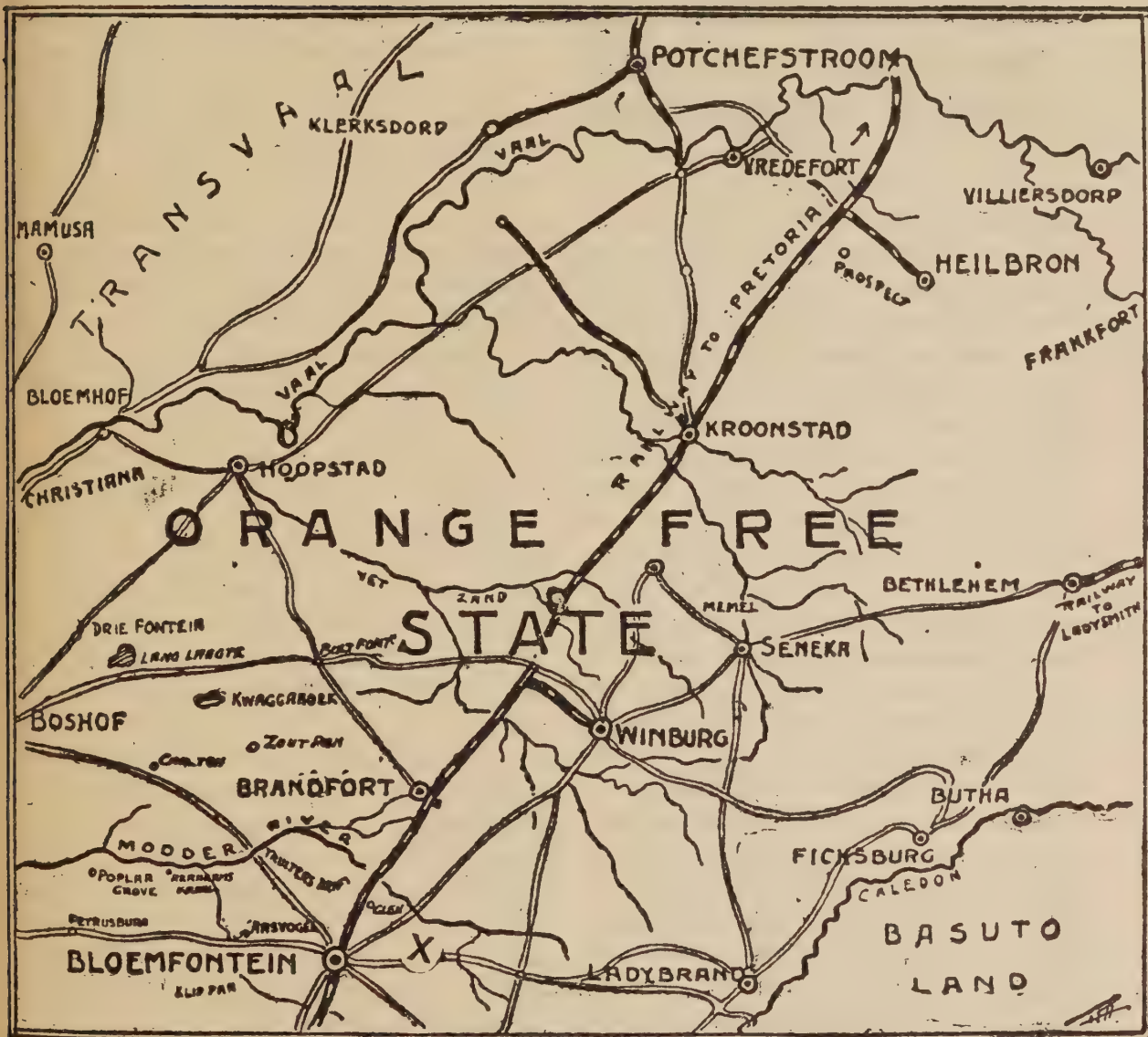
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ANOTHER "ECLECTIC" WAR MAP.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE IRELAND FAMILY AND THE IRELAND SHAKES- PEARIAN FABRICATIONS.

### PART III.

THE account William Henry gave his father of the circumstances by which he became the possessor of the Michael Fraser Deed, is told in Samuel Ireland's Diary as follows:—

"On Saturday, November 22nd, 1794, my son was invited to dine at the house of a mutual friend, Mr. M——, where, amongst other company he met with a gentleman from —, of very considerable property. In the course of the afternoon my son mentioned the nature of his pursuits when absent from his office business, amongst others his partiality for autographs, and the handwritings of persons of consequence at remote periods, to which the gentleman replied, 'If you will come to my chambers you will, in all probability, find entertainment enough of that kind, for I have old deeds and papers, that I dare say have lain in the hands of my ancestors (who have been in the profession of the law for near 150 years), that are 200 or 300 years old.' To which my son made his acknowledgements, and before they parted the invitation was renewed, and the Saturday following was fixed for his going to the chambers of the gentleman. The motive of delaying it for a week was on account of the gentleman leaving town the next day to go to his house in the country, but that he should certainly return on the Friday follow-

ing. My son, however, did not keep punctually to this engagement, for he did not visit the chambers till the Tuesday following, December 2nd, when on entering the room the gentleman chid him for not keeping his word, and said if he had not come as he did he would have sent for a person to take away the old papers that might seem to be of no value, and should have sold them. My son then began to rummage, and in the course of a few hours found many deeds of the date of Elizabeth and James I., and among them, in the same parcel, which was tied up with an old red silk tape, a deed of leave granted by Wm. Shakespeare and John Hemyage to Michael Fraser and his wife, dated 1610, and this deed he handed over to the gentleman who was sitting by the fire reading, and speaking of his discovery with a degree of ecstasy; the gentleman looked at it and said, 'Is this the old thing which pleases you?' to which he replying in the affirmative, the gentleman gave it into his hands and said, 'You are very welcome to it and to anything else of the kind that you may meet with, but observe you must take away nothing till you have gone through the whole and made memorandums for me of the heads of them. I shall leave town to-morrow, and for the purpose of your making a general search will leave the keys of the chambers with you till my return, which I presume will be in about eight or ten days.' William Henry also told his father that the gentleman had made him take a solemn oath not to divulge his (the gentleman's) name or address to anyone whatsoever, as he did not think fit to subject himself to the impertinent questions

of every individual who considered himself licensed to demand an explanation concerning the manuscripts."

William Henry's next attempt was a promissory note of hand from Shakespeare for £5 5s. to John Hemyage, and signed by the latter as having been received, and was in compensation for business done at the Globe Theatre, and for his trouble in journeying for him down to Stratford-on-Avon. This William presented to his father on December 17th, 1794. This deed nearly caused the discovery of the whole imposture, and the following is Samuel Ireland's account of this incident which he wrote at the time in his private journal: "On December 30th, 1794, I received a note from Mr. Jerningham to attend the 'Prince of Wales' at half-past twelve. He came accordingly at one o'clock. I sent for a coach, and while we were waiting for it, Mr. Albany Wallis (a noted solicitor of Norfolk-street, and a friend of David Garrick) sent word that he would call with a friend, as he wished to speak a few words with me. They shortly arrived, and Mr. Wallis when he entered the middle room said (putting his hand towards his pocket), 'I have here something to show you which will do your business for you and knock up your Shakespeare papers.' This was said in the presence of Mr. Jerningham who was standing by the fire, and whom I requested to walk into my study to hear the nature of the evidence be it what it might. Mr. Wallis had found the original deed of sale of the house in Blackfriars formerly in the possession of one William Ireland and purchased by Shakespeare.—This was the same house of

which the late David Garrick had the mortgage deed given him by Mr. Wallis about 27 years before, and which had been found by Wallis among the papers of the Leatherstone-haugh family.

"There were, likewise, other deeds brought by him concerning Shakespeare. I begged Mr. Jerningham to take out of the bookcase some of the books\* that had Shakespeare's signature, that he might compare the handwriting and report to the Prince the nature of this new discovery. All were satisfied as to the similitude of Shakespeare's writing, but with respect to the signature of John Hemyage, the handwriting materially differed, and the name was spelled differently, which alarmed me very much. I then went to see the Prince and returned at four o'clock, when I heard that my son had come home a little after 2 o'clock, and was told what had passed with Mr. Wallis. In consequence he went to Mr. Wallis and saw the deed, and expressed much surprise at the dissimilitude of Hemyage's signature, and returned home much agitated; and as my family said the sweat seemed to drop from his forehead, and he immediately went off to see the gentleman,† and returned in less than

---

\* These were books of the time of Shakespeare, in which William had fabricated Shakespeare's autograph to pass them off as having formed part of Shakespeare's library, and which he had presented to his father between the time of the Hemyage note of hand and the visit of Albany Wallis.

† This gentleman was given out by Mr. William as the donor of the MS. and will be spoken of later on.

half-an-hour, and brought four receipts of the same John Hemyage, wrapped up with fifteen or so other papers, with which he went down to Mr. Wallis, and returned fully satisfied, as were Messrs. Wallis and Troward, of them being the same handwriting. When I returned at four o'clock, he told me the whole circumstance, and said that when he entered the gentleman's room and told him the agitation of his mind on the occasion, the gentleman said, "Young man don't be disconcerted, we'll see if we can't relieve you." Then turning to his desk he searched among a large parcel of old papers, and gave him the parcel before alluded to. There was certainly not time for any person to have forged any one of the papers, nor had he any bearing the name of Hemyage to work from, and the whole time was barely half-an-hour.

The son's explanation of this almost fatal incident is, that to make John Hemyage's signature differ from the others he had penned it with the left hand, believing that no genuine autograph of his was extant. When he was shown the genuine signature which Mr. Wallis kept in his own hands, he was terror-struck, as he saw that the meanest capacity would have at once decided that the autograph affixed to the genuine deed was not from the same hand as the fictitious signature. He examined the genuine autograph with the closest attention, and left saying that he would see the unknown gentleman about the matter. From Norfolk Street he instantly repaired to his chambers, retaining in his recollection the form of the original autograph of Hemyage's which he had just inspected, and

there committed the signature to old paper in a form as similar to the original as his memory would enable him, writing above it in handwriting of the same character as for theatrical disbursements, and returned to Mr. Wallis with the explanation already given in his father's account of the matter, with the addition that the unknown gentleman had told him that there were two John Hemyages in Shakespeare's time, one connected with Shakespeare and the Globe Theatre, and the other to the Curtain Theatre, which accounted for the dissimilarity in the writing.

The short time, viz., half-an-hour, which William Henry took in going from Mr. Wallis, in Norfolk Street, to his own home there, and from there to his chambers in the New Inn, fabricating the second receipt and returning to Mr. Wallis with it, was afterwards used as a convincing argument as to the genuineness of the MS., as it was believed impossible that such a fabrication could have been executed in so short a time.

On December 19th William had presented his father with a letter from Lord Northampton to Shakespeare, and one in reply from the poet to the peer.

Some days before the incident of the Hemyage signature, viz., on December 20th, 1794, Sir Frederick Eden called to inspect the first deed between Shakespeare, Hemyage, and the Frasers, and after carefully examining it, and vainly offering several valuable works from his library in exchange for it, said "that there could be no doubt of its genuineness, which he considered were borne out by the impression of the seal attached to Shakes-

## ARE WE PATRIOTIC?

[A REPLY.]

peare's signature, which bore the initials W. S. and the Quintain.† This seal, Sir Frederick had no doubt was that usually employed by Shakespeare, as it bore so clear a relation to his name.

As William Henry had never heard of the Quintain he looked upon the incident as a fortunate chance bearing out the validity of the deed.

It may here be remarked that of all the commentators who examined this deed not one noticed the likeness the writing bore to the genuine deed on which it was founded, and which was published in Johnson's edition of Shakespeare.

People interested in Shakespearian matters now came to Mr. Ireland's house from all quarters to view these new-found relics, and the conviction was frequently expressed that more papers would be found in the same quarter.

It seemed absolutely necessary to William Henry that he should attempt something else, as his first ventures had gained such extraordinary notoriety, and he was fearful that the result of the comparatively harmless deception of his father would be laid bare, and suspicions aroused at the cessation of discoveries when he had led people to expect so much, by expatiating on the stores of MS. still to be examined at the chambers of the unknown gentleman.

G. HILDER LIBBIS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

† The Quintain was a cross bearer pivoting on an upright post on one end of which was a bag of sand, and from the other end a ring was suspended. Mounted youths would endeavour to bear away the ring on their spear points. If they failed in doing this, the impact would swing round the bag of sand, and this, striking them in the back, would unhorse them.

THE unsigned article in last month's ECLECTIC REVIEW, entitled "Are We Patriotic?" is, to say the least, unsatisfactory. We presume that its author does not consider us patriotic, but he says nothing that will convince us that his view is correct. It proves nothing, but this is only to be expected, for it contains no connected argument that we can trace. Towards the end of the article we are asked, "What is this patriotism with which we have lately become so swollen?" We expected to see the question answered for us, in which case we should at least have got at some idea as to what constitutes patriotism in the author's eyes. Unfortunately, however, the next sentence is another question, "Why have we finally thrown off the cloak of stoicism and let ourselves go a little?" The author is in such haste to answer this that he entirely forgets the first question, an answer to which would have materially helped us in deciding whether we are patriotic or not.

What then is patriotism? It is impossible to define it to the satisfaction of every one, but we trust that a majority will agree with us in saying that it is not "the patriotism with which we have lately become so swollen." The anonymous author was, we suppose, referring to the demonstrations following the receipt of the news of the relief of Ladysmith. The scenes which one witnessed then were the reactions from a lengthened period of anxiety and disappointment, combined with the innate desire for a holiday which all

people human, shall we say, suffer from. There was little *ipso facto* patriotic about these demonstrations, though no one will deny that patriotism was at the root of them; for if one had not been patriotic one would not have felt anxiety or disappointment in the course events had taken.

May we not define patriotism as: (1) A love of our country, which of course carries with it all the attributes of affection, such for instance as a willingness, nay more, a desire to sacrifice ourselves and suffer if necessary in its cause. (2) Keeping the honour of our country at heart. (3) A ready and willing obedience to all its commands and demands that are—is it necessary to add—compatible with having the honour of our country at heart.

“To point to the stream of civilians who have offered their lives to the defence of our country” is no longer an evasion of the question if we accept this definition of patriotism. That “. . . our patriotism—granting that it exists—needs some very drastic stimulant before it evidences itself” we deny in so many words. It *has* evidenced itself, and done so without the help of the newspapers—morning or evening. We do not think it is just to say “No one knew very much about the South African question; they cared still less—at first. : : The cynic may smile, the scoffer may sneer, but the fact remains, that as the circulation of these energetic conscience-prickers went up, so rose the tide of public spirit. This is not a palatable fact. It is not nice to realise that unless we are roused by some extraneous agent, we decline to interest ourselves in the

affairs of our country.” There is just a sufficient element of truth in all this to pass, in the hands of a careless reader, as the whole truth.

Surely we, the people, cannot be expected to make an exhaustive study of the affairs of all our colonies and dependences. It is only when their troubles begin to become acute that there is any call for us to go below the surface; and it is then, rather than later on when the bubble has burst, if burst it does, that the patriot appreciates the energy displayed by his morning paper in procuring him information.

There is no occasion to “let ourselves go a little.” We can be patriotic without this; it is unnecessary though by no means displeasing, in moderation.

The author strikes a true note, however, at the end of his article. “Until we have foregone some pleasure, some luxury, in the cause of our Empire, we cannot claim to be patriotic.” And it is just this which, we maintain, the majority of us, at any rate, have done and will do again as occasion demands.

JAMES BLISS.

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Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 6 are now out of print. A few copies are left which we will sell at an enhanced price. Information on application to the publisher.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW may now be obtained of any of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Book-stalls. Should any difficulty be experienced in procuring a copy, a post-card to that effect should be sent at once to the publisher.

## LIFE OF ROBERT BROWNING.

---

ROBERT BROWNING was born on May 7th, 1812; his father and grandfather both held important places in the Bank of England. The Brownings were really a Dorsetshire family, but the poet had a great deal of foreign blood in his veins, nevertheless. His grandmother had been a Creole, owning a sugar plantation at Kitts, and his mother was descended from Scotch and German parents. Browning's father was a very intelligent man, his chief studies being English poetry and mediæval legends. The poet was born in London, at Peckham, and until the age of 14 was instructed chiefly at private schools; he then studied for some time with a tutor, and on the opening of the University College, in London, attended several lectures held there. In his early youth, Browning had a great passion for Lord Byron's works, but being made acquainted with the poetry of Shelley and Keats, he grew to admire it with a still deeper admiration.

He had a great advantage over many of his brother poets, and this was the fact that he was possessed of sufficient income to be able to devote his whole time to his poetry without having to look to it to supply his daily wants. After the publication of "Pauline," in 1833, Browning went abroad for a year, and during his travels visited Russia and Italy. He spent much of his time in the latter country in becoming acquainted with the habits of its people, and in studying the

history of its towns. In 1835, "Paracelsus" was printed, and at the same time the poet brought out some short pieces in the "Monthly Repository," amongst them being "Johannes Agricola," and "Porphyria." His next literary work was "Stafford," which was acted at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1837. "Paracelsus," on its publication being condemned by several critics for its verbosity, the poet endeavoured to write his next work, "Sordello," in a totally different style, and the result was that the latter possessed none of the beauty of the former poem. It was ridiculed on all sides, and from that hour Browning determined to treat the words of his critics with contempt, and to strike out an entirely new and original line for himself. After "Stafford," Browning brought out two more plays, "A Blot on the Scutcheon," and "Colombe's Birthday." Between the years 1841 and 1846, these plays, together with "Men and Women" and "Dramatic Lyrics and Romances," came out in eight volumes under the name of "Bells and Pomegranates." One of the poems of these series was the famous "Pippa Passes." He explained the peculiar title of these books by the fact that he meant by it to show "a mixture of music without discoursing, sound with sense, poetry with thought." Bells and pomegranates were the decorations worked on the High Priest's robe.

Robert Browning, after his marriage to Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess, in 1846, left England with his wife for a tour on the Continent. Mrs. Browning suffering from delicate health, they were obliged to live abroad, and content themselves with flying

visits to England, and eventually they took up their residence at Florence, where their child, Robert Wiederman Browning was born, 1849. They also spent much of their time at Rome, where they resided for three winters. Florence inspired the poet with thoughts of art, which he expressed in such poems as "Andrea del Sarto." Mrs. Browning also produced many of her famous works at this time, amongst them "Aurora Leigh."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### CORRESPONDENCE.

*We are always very glad to hear from our readers, and to publish such letters as are likely to be of general interest. Correspondence should be terse and pithy, WRITTEN ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY, and signed by a "nom de plume," if the writer does not wish his real name to appear. No notice will be taken of anonymous correspondents. Letters for publication in the ensuing issue must be received not later than the 8th inst. We do not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed by correspondents.*

#### THE CIGARETTE IN THE SLUMS.

To the Editor of the ECLECTIC REVIEW.

Dear Sir,—It is impossible to pass unnoticed the article in your last issue entitled, "The Cigarette in the Slums." As far as one can gather from the involved and unnatural sentiment exhibited by the writer, he advocates the smoking of cigarettes by boys as a palliative for most of the "ills that flesh is heir to;" and he views with sympathy the

growth of this pernicious habit. How far his words are the expression of his opinion it is difficult to gauge, but whether he has written the article with the deliberate intention of encouraging our youngsters in their iniquity, or whether he is merely making fun of very doubtful taste, the effect on the unthinking of your readers is likely to be the same. How is it possible to impress those for whose moral welfare we are responsible with the evils of smoking, when these evils are made light of in this way? I myself have noticed with pain and grave anxiety a marked increase in this profligate indulgence in the suburb where I reside, and last Sunday one lad came to my Sunday School class with a cigarette between his lips. On my addressing him in my most impressive style before the whole school, he made use of an epithet that I refrain from recording. This appalling lack of respect for those whose office demands it, is entirely endorsed in your columns. Those who are nobly striving to raise degraded mortals to their own lofty standard of virtue are subject to flippant and irreverent comment. You stigmatise as "prudes," "self-constituted censors," and "undesirable persons" those men and women who, abstaining themselves, see in drink, tobacco, and strong meat the three implacable enemies of mankind. That our innocent little lads should be subjected to a pestilential incentive to vice in the columns of a seemingly respectable journal fills me with grief and apprehension.

Yours etc.,

PATERFAMILIES.

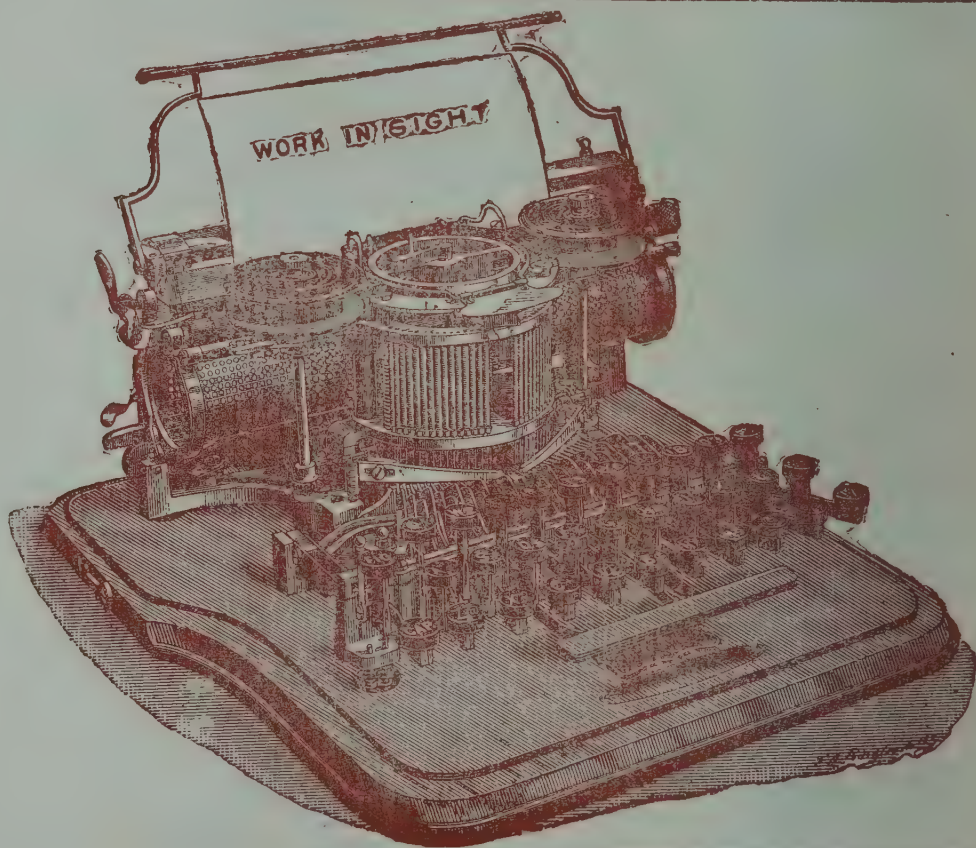
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Volume 4

Number 15

THE

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A Record of ·  
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SIXPENCE

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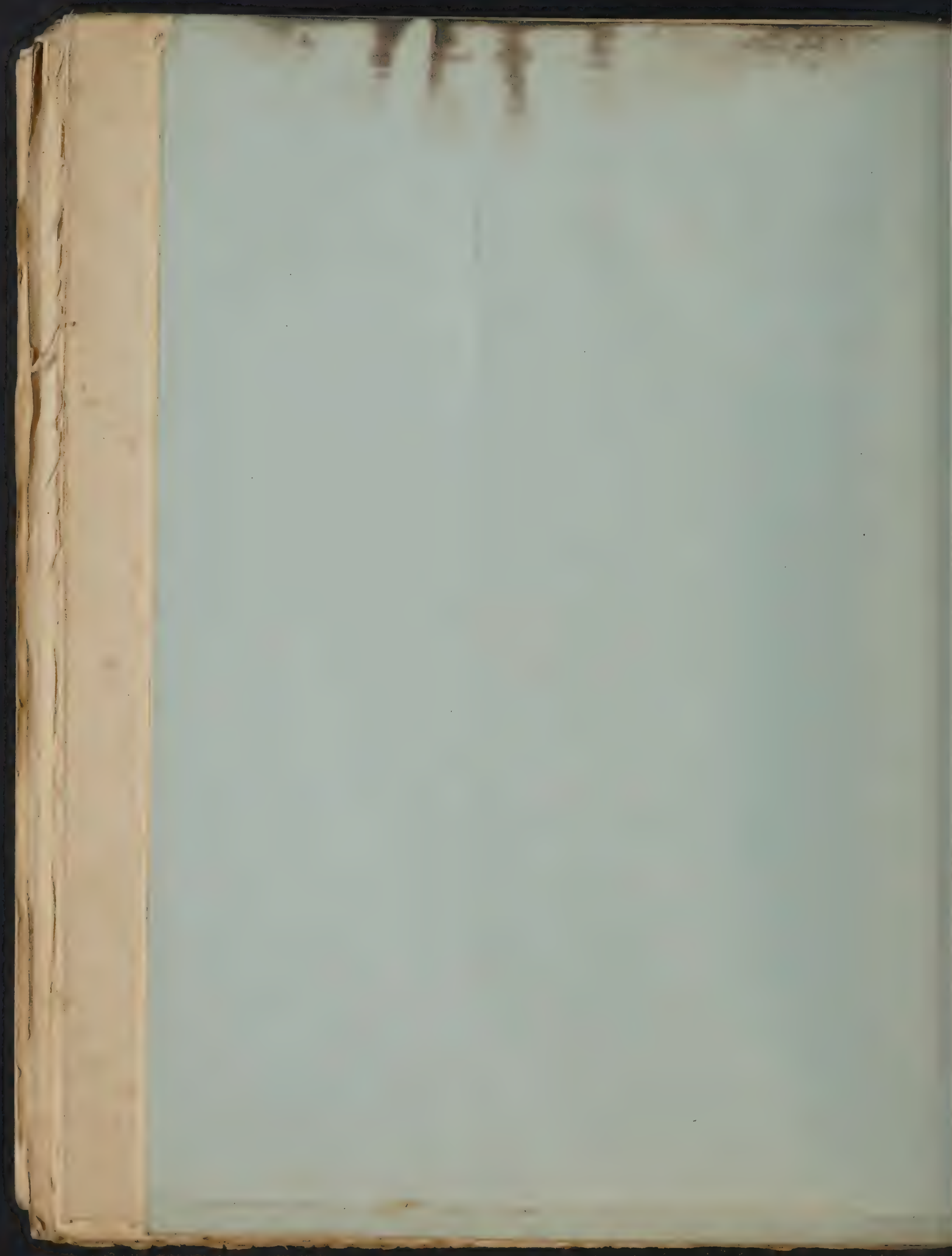
(R. J. N.)

Correspondence.—Behaviour at

English Concerts.

MAY 15th, 1900.

J. G. SHOT FOR BELL



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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We regret to have to announce that in consequence of Mr. R. J. Nicholson's departure for Canada, and the Sub-Editor's enforced absence from Manchester, it will be impossible to continue the publication of the *Eclectic Review* after the May issue.

We, therefore, take this opportunity of thanking our Subscribers for their appreciation of our work in the past.—Ed.

## NOTICE.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW is published once a month. The subscription, payable in advance, is 1s. 9d. for three months, 3s. 6d. for six months, 7s. for twelve months. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to R. J. Nicholson, and crossed. The office is at 7, NORTHUMBERLAND STREET, HIGHER BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, where all communications should be addressed. Correspondents will confer a favour by addressing distinctively either the PUBLISHER or the EDITOR of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, according to the nature of the business to which the communication refers.

TELEGRAMS: "NICHOLSON, HIGHER BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER."

TELEPHONE No. 41, BROUGHTON.

## ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

"A PLAGUE OF WOMEN!" Such is Mr. Treves' description of the horde of society females, and others, who are infesting Capetown and its environs at the present moment, and rendering the difficult task of administration in this time of war yet more difficult and trying to those who have it in hand. His censure, it is true, has had the result of invoking a torrent of criticism on his head, much of it of course, highly disparaging, and some deserving an even stronger epithet, but to those who are in any way conversant with the facts, Mr. Treves' "ungallant" statements will meet with unqualified approval. I suppose the "dead sea fruit" character of ordinary society life is such that a novel experience, be

it what it may, is scrambled for with avidity by many of the devotees of fashion, and thus it comes about that the hospitals which afford succour to those who are fighting England's battles, and the guarded encampments which confine the prisoners she has taken, are made the happy hunting grounds of the indolent, and blasé woman, whose one cry in life is for a new sensation. "Good Heavens shall I ever get peace" was, according to Mr. Treves, the pathetic cry of one wounded officer, pestered beyond endurance by the stream of careless busybodies, who through the long hours of the day passed in and out of the hospital wards, to the great inconvenience of medical officers and nurses, the wearying of patients, and the pleasure of none, save their own selfish selves. A plague indeed! May it be checked right soon.

Love of the mediæval and the ancient, is not a characteristic of the every-day man and woman, neither should we expect it to be so. It is impossible in this bustling age, that the much quoted, misrepresented, over-praised, and over-blamed "man in the street" should be conversant with all the details of the art and literature of bygone ages. He has enough to do, as a rule, to supply himself and his family with those necessities and limited luxuries which are indispensable to the retention of that station of life to which he has been called, without devoting time and money to the study of antiquarian subjects, and lacking this, genuine appreciation of their many treasures is usually unattainable. Perhaps this aspect of our work-a-day world has had something to do with a rather growing

tendency of a few modern artists to invest certain well-known ancient subjects with nineteenth century dress and surroundings. A picture which has been a good deal to the fore in the printsellers windows lately illustrates what I mean. The subject (by a German artist) represents the healing of the sick man who, to avoid the press, was let down through the roof into the presence of Christ. The scene is a modern German inn with a species of verandah, through the roof of which the invalid is lowered by men in present-day clothing and bearing unmistakeable Teutonic features. The subject is beautifully treated, and a sick child who is being brought in a thoroughly up-to-date cart, evidently for the purpose of seeking help from her Lord and Master, is in both face and attitude exquisitely pathetic. There is, perhaps, a good deal to be said in favour of thus modernising some of the great subjects of the days of old, though a universal adherence to such a practice would not meet with approval.

MANY of the finest of our English actors who attained fame, and such fortune as was thought more than adequate in the "forties" and the "fifties," did not hesitate to dress old plays in modern costume. An examination of early prints in illustrated papers and elsewhere demonstrates the truth of this, for though managers scarcely went so far as to present Hamlet in a frock coat and top hat, still Ophelia was not always above appearing in a crinoline, while in operatic representations the liberties taken by the "artists"—artists forsooth—were absolutely ludicrous.

Doubtless the same spirit prevails in dramatic art, as in that of the painter. The ordinary mortal will prefer a modern play with the latest fashions, and one or two realistic effects, to a more excellent drama from a literary point of view, but whose characters wear the costumes and ape the manners of a bygone day. Shakespeare, Sheridan, and Goldsmith have a poor chance of success, unless backed up with the magnificent scenery and properties of a modern revival. There seems nothing incongruous about this. It must always be more interesting to the majority to criticise and dissect a story of modern life, with the spirit of which all are more or less acquainted, than to enjoy a drama of the past, for the adequate appreciation of which, the literary taste, and research, of the few are requisite. One is reminded of the worthy couple, who, visiting one of the great picture galleries, were asked which of all its treasures they most admired. "Well," said the old lady, "they all seemed pretty enough, but me and my old man we best liked that there one of Adam and Eve. It was so interesting you see, for we knew the anecdote." That is the secret. In play or picture, if we are to enjoy it intelligently, we must "know the anecdote."

THE subject of pictures calls to mind the fact of the decay and surely approaching extinction of the art of high-class engraving. Thirty or forty years ago almost the sole method of reproducing any famous or important picture was by means of skilled and laborious engraving on copper or other plates. Now,

photographic processes have almost displaced the older art, and one cannot but confess that the modern semi-mechanical reproduction is more artistic than its forerunner. But as the demand for good engraving gradually disappears, the masters of the craft will also go, if indeed they have not already gone, and perhaps a hundred years hence perfect engraving may be as little understood as is the manufacture of painted windows in these days, when compared with the work of our forefathers in this direction. And this line of thought suggests another. Photography is so much practised now by amateurs, that one can only wonder that famous professional houses can make such curious exhibitions of their work as are displayed in their show cases. I do not, of course, refer to technical details, but to the utterly incongruous accessories with which they surround their sitters. The middle-class matron is still to be seen standing in marble halls with a vista of stately columns stretching away into the distance. The boy in spotless evening dress, and patent leather shoes, wanders through the forest with cricket bat in hand; the little girl in an exquisite white satin dress, and slippers, lies prone on a sloppy-looking plank bridge, to feed some obviously artificial ducks, floating on a vitreous stream. These examples are not imaginary, they may be seen in the windows of a photographer whose name is known throughout the kingdom.

THE question of "Reservation of the Sacrament," concerning which the Archbishops have recently formulated an "opinion," is a sub-

ject scarcely likely to appeal to the general public with the same force as did the pronouncement of "their Graces" in the earlier case of incense and processional lights. While the use of these latter accessories to public worship is patent to all, the practice of Reservation comes within the purview of comparatively few. I do not propose to discuss the merits or otherwise of this latest edict, nor indeed am I sufficiently acquainted with the subject to presume to do so, but speaking as an ordinary layman, with decidedly high church proclivities, I must confess that the decision which has been arrived at by the primates would seem the only one possible in the present state of Ecclesiastical law. The prayer book surely is the guide in such matters, and no common-sense Englishman can, I think, find anything in that book which either directly or indirectly sanctions "Reservation" in any shape or form. It may be that this is to be deplored, that such a practice would be of inestimable benefit to many. That I do not know, but if such be the case, the Church is surely competent, and has undoubtedly the power, to amend this state of things, *if it be necessary*. Personally I may say that I have never known of any single instance where the supreme consolations of the Church could not be administered owing to the absence of Reservation. I agree with the Archbishop of York when he says that if a sick person is so exceedingly ill that he can neither bear, nor understand, the very short portion of service necessary at his bedside, in extreme cases, the mere administration alone would be to him equally unbearable, and meaningless.

WHAT are the arguments pro and con, as regards "tied houses." To the every-day mortal the principle that a wealthy firm of brewers should control hundreds of public houses, and compel the various managers thereof to deal exclusively with the owners of the property for their supply of malt liquor, seems at first sight a monstrous monopoly that deserves speedy extinction, if such a consumation be at all attainable. If in addition it is asserted that in many cases the owning brewers compel their tenants to purchase, not only the legitimate produce of the brewery from them, but also insist on supplying spirits, cigars, tobacco, and even matches, as well, thus debarring the licensees from exercising their judgment in open market, the case against the system is considerably strengthened; and it must be confessed that an exhaustive examination of the arguments advanced on either side only conduces to the view that on the whole the tied house system, like most monopolies, would be better ended than mended. Against this view, however, some rather cogent points have been urged, and chief among them is perhaps the plea that if the publican were free to choose where he would deal for the goods he sells, he would certainly in many cases incline to the cheapest purveyor, who would doubtless also often prove the worst, as regards purity and quality. The big brewer, on the contrary, has a reputation to maintain, and it is safe to say that he usually deals fairly with his underlings. However, the question is one which entails considerable discussion, and my readers must elect for themselves the side they take up.

R. W. W.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE IRELAND FAMILY AND THE IRELAND SHAKES- PEARIAN FABRICATIONS.

### PART III.

His next fabrication of any importance was a profession of faith, purporting to be in Shakespeare's hand, and somewhat after the style of that found in the thatch of Shakespeare's birthplace, and attributed to John Shakespeare, the poet's father. This he gave to his delighted father on December 24th, 1794. The paper on which this was written was the outside sheet of several others on which accounts had been kept in Charles I.'s time. He was careful to see that they were without water-marks, as he had no knowledge of those in use in the 16th century, though the learned discussions he afterwards heard in his father's library between the famous commentators who came to view the MS. enlightened him on this point.

He was also in this composition particular in using as many double "ss" and double "uu" as he could to imitate the orthography of the time. This "confession of faith" was unlike its prototype in that it proved Wm. Shakespeare to be a protestant—there being much public controversy at this time as to Shakespeare's creed — while John Shakespeare's confession showed that he was of the Catholic religion. This was William Henry's first attempt to imitate Shakespeare's writing other than his signature, and was in consequence written with great caution, but the

facility he afterwards acquired in fabricating the great mass of the papers, rendered a comparison between this document and those produced afterwards very dissimilar, but this discrepancy remained unnoticed. The amount of interest and astonishment this MS. called forth led to the House in Norfolk Street being besieged with callers to view the new-found Shakespearian papers, and it was deemed necessary to issue tickets, and to limit the time of inspection to two or three days a week, and at stated hours.

Among the visitors were Dr. Samuel Parr and Dr. Joseph Wharton, who questioned William Henry as to his discovery; one of them remarking, "Well, young man, the public will have just cause to admire you for the research you have made which will afford so much gratification to the literary world." After Mr. Ireland had read aloud the "Profession of Faith" Dr. Wharton put his hand to his forehead and exclaimed with much energy, "We have many beautiful passages in our litany, and in many parts of the New Testament, but this good man has distanced us all." This speech added fuel to the fire of young Ireland's vanity, in that men so learned as these two famous doctors should so praise his composition. This led him to renew his efforts in fabricating in a much more ambitious manner. The idea he conceived was nothing less than writing a new play and passing it off as Shakespeare's; and he had the temerity to tell his father on December 26th, 1794, that he had seen the MS. of a play by Shakespeare called "Vortigem and Rowenna" in the chambers of his anonymous friend, and that he had no doubt it would be presented to him

as well as a full-length contemporary portrait of Shakespeare which lay at the gentleman's seat in the country. This promise William Henry made before he had written a line of the play which he forthwith commenced. The time occupied in writing this play did not prevent him, at frequent intervals, bringing to his father deeds, memoranda, and MS. connected with Shakespeare, from the inexhaustible storehouse of his friend.

Among these was a rough drawing of Shakespeare's head and crest, and a letter to Cowley the player.

William Henry, in order to produce all these manifold MS. found the necessity of obtaining blank paper. So he applied to a bookseller named Vercy, in Great May's Buildings, St. Martin's Lane, who allowed him to take the fly leaves from all his folio and quarto volumes published in Elizabeth's time for the sum of 5s. His first fabrications he was careful to write on old paper which contained no water-marks, for the reason mentioned before, but hearing frequently that proper water-marks would greatly aid the establishment of their validity, and learning that the jug water-mark was used in Elizabeth's reign, he selected those bearing this impression for his future writings, mingled, however, with a certain number of blank pages to avoid suspicion.

On January 16th, 1795, William Henry informed his father that his mysterious friend, after again binding him to secrecy as to his name or any other particular about him, gave him a deed of gift of anything relating to Shakespeare that might be in his (the gentleman's) possession. William further

stated that in pursuing his search among the papers he was so fortunate as to meet with some deeds very material to the interests of this gentleman, and such as established beyond all doubt his title to a considerable property, deeds of which the gentleman was ignorant of being in his possession.

So this youthful romancer, or liar, if you will, blinded by his vanity, kept piling up his promises to his father in moments of elation, and parrying his father's searching questions as to when he would produce the various items he had promised.

The Hon. J. Byng, a friend of the family, wrote to Mr. Ireland on this subject as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—Your son yesterday walked home with me, when I touched gently (further will not do, I find) upon the wonder of the discovery, the history of the donor, and upon his strange drawback, and all the mystery of his delays in giving your son the MS. which he has found. All that I could draw from him was that the gentleman had given him much, would give him all. That he had no thoughts of withholding them from you; that you should direct and guide him; and I think he said "the plays was not now in his possession." In short I perceive you must be calm with him, coax him, give him his own way and trust to Nature. My only fear is that he may be seized by some artful man—or men—to his defraud, and to your prejudice and discontent. I must repeat to you—that your conduct to your son (in this business) must be slow and temperate, else he may dash forth.—Yours,

"J. BYNG.

"P. Office, 14th January, 1795.

"To Mr. Samuel Ireland."

William Henry had hinted to his father that the initials of the unknown gentleman were M. H., and in response to his father's importunities agreed to carry a letter from him to the gentleman. The following is a copy:—

"To M. H., January 31st, 1795.

Sir,—I have long wished for an opportunity to return you my best acknowledgments for the high gratification I have enjoyed in the perusal of the literary curiosities communicated by your friendly attention to my son. As I find from him it is your wish not to have your name brought forward in any intended use that may be made of them, I feel it a duty I owe to your friendship not even to advert to them in a distant manner without your approbation. I therefore beg to trouble you with a perusal of the enclosed pages which I have put together as a preface to the history of the Warwickshire Avon, a subject closely connected with that of our bard, and in which I have adverted to the papers before alluded to. And here I beg to mention that a recent dispute and difference of opinion having arisen between two of our celebrated Commentators as to the genuineness of a portrait said to be of Shakespeare lately engraved and laid before the public—that it would be an additional pleasure to have your permission here to state that an original whole length of him is in existence—and will in the course of time be engraved and presented to the public. I ask most sincerely your concurrence in this request, as my wish is to illustrate the volume in every possible manner to do credit

to a name I so highly revere. From the liberality you have extended in this transaction I have every reason to flatter myself with your indulgence for this intrusion, and to hope that an opportunity may yet offer, with your concurrence, that may enable me to assure you personally how great an obligation you have conferred on

"Your very obliged and obedient

"SAMUEL IRELAND.

"P.S.—I shall be happy to be favoured with a line under any signature in which you may please to convey your opinion as to my future conduct in this business."

A reply to this letter, dated February 1st, and written, of course, by William Henry, in a skilfully disguised hand, consents to the MS. being mentioned in the preface, but does not wish the portrait to be alluded to at present for secret reasons, and the whole is initialled M. H.

On February 10th, 1795, William Henry produced a love letter from Shakespeare to his future wife Anne Hathaway, together with some verses, and a lock of Shakespeare's (?) hair (the lock of hair having been given to young Ireland as a *gage d'armour*) the latter bound up with woven silk obtained from an old deed. The relic was received with wonder and reverence. Samuel Ireland took small quantities of hair carefully from the original lock, and these were distributed and set in rings among the Believers. The letter and verses were as follows:—

"Dearesste Anne,—As thou haste always founde mee toe mye worde moste trewe, soe thou shalt see I have stryctlye kepte mye promyse. I praye you perfume thys mye

poore Locke withe thye balmye eysses forre  
 thenne indeede shalle Kynges themmeselves  
 bowe and paye homage toe itte. I doe assure  
 thee no rude hande hathe knottedde itte thye  
 Willys alone hathe done the worke. Neythere  
 the gyldedde bawble thatte envyrnnes the  
 heade of Majestye noe norre honourres moste  
 weyghtye wulde give mee halfe the Joye as  
 didde thysse mye lyttle worke forre thee.  
 The feelinge thatte dydde neareste approche  
 untoe itte was thatte whiche commethe  
 nygheste untoe God meeke ande Gentle  
 Charytye forre thatte Virrtue O Anna doe I  
 love doe I cheryshe thee inne my hearte forre  
 thou arte ass a talle Cedarre stretchynge  
 forthe its branches ande succourynge smaller  
 Plants. Grimme nyppynge Winneterre orr  
 the boysterouse Wyndes Farewelle toe  
 Morrowe bye tymes I wille see thee, tille  
 thenne Adewe sweete Love.—Thyne everre,

“WM. SHAKESPEARE.”

Is there inne heavenne aught more rare  
 Thanne thou sweete Nymphe of Avon fayre?  
 Is there onne Earthe a Manne more trewe  
 Thanne Willy Shakespeare is toe you?

Though fyckle fortune prove unkynde  
 Stille dothe she leave herre wealthe behynde;  
 She neere the hearte canne forme anew  
 Norre make thye Willys love unnetrewe.

Though age withe withered hand doe stryke  
 The forme moste fayre the face moste bryghte,  
 Stille dothe she leave unnetouchedde ande  
 trewe

Thye Willys love ande freynshyppe too.

Though deathe with neverre faylynge blowe  
 Dothe Manne ande babe alyke brynge lowe,  
 Yette dothe he take naughte butte hijs due,  
 And stikes notte Willys hearte stille trewe.

Synce thenne norre forretune deathe norre  
 age

Carne faythfulle Willys love asswage;  
 Thenne doe I live ande dye forre you—  
 Thye Willy syncere ande moste trewe.

James Boswell, Dr. Johnson's Biographer, was overcome after viewing the various MS., and after saying that he could now die contented since he had lived to witness such relics of Shakespeare, he knelt down before the papers and continued: "I now kiss the invaluable relics of our bard, and thanks to God that I have lived to see them." He then kissed the volume which held the papers, and left Mr. Ireland's house. His death occurred a few weeks afterwards. Boswell at this visit signed a certificate of belief in the validity of the MS., drawn out at Dr. James Parr's instigation, who made the remark that the papers were either written by Shakespeare or the Devil.

The following is a list of those who signed their names to the Certificate of Belief in the MS.:—Rev. Samuel Parr, Celebrated Scholar and Divine; John Tweddell, Mercantile Critic; Thomas Burgess; the Hon. John Byng, Commissioner in the Stamp Office; James Bindley, of the Stamp Office, Celebrated Antiquary; Sir Herbert Croft, Author and Lexicographer; Duke of Somerset; Isaac Heard, Garter King of Arms; Rev. Francis Webb, of Brasted, Shakespearian Scholar; R. Valpy, Reading; Shakespearian Editor and Commentator;

James Boswell, Biographer of Samuel Johnson; Earl of Lauderdale; Rev. J. Scott, of Cambridge; Lord Kinnaid; John Pinkerton; Thomas Hunt; Henry James Pye, Poet Laureate; Rev. N. Thornbury; John Hewlett, Translator of Old Records, Common Pleas, Office Temple; Matthew Wyatt, Lawyer, New Inn, and Author; John Frank Newton, Wimpole Street; Albany Wallis, Celebrated Solicitor, of Norfolk Street; Richard Troward, Partner of the Alive; Francis Townsend, Windsor Herald; Gilbert Franklin, Wimpole Street; Joseph Skinner, of 39, Devonshire Street.

William Henry now tried his hand at partially re-writing the plays of King Lear and Hamlet, improving according to his idea portions of the published plays, and omitting the indelicate parts, with the intention of showing that these and the other alterations had been introduced by other hands in the printed dramas which have come down to us, thus freeing Shakespeare from the suspicion of ribaldry which, according to some prevalent ideas of that time, disfigured his writings.

In December, 1795, Samuel Ireland brought out a folio volume containing *fac similes* of the M.S., and a list of the subscribers. The *fac similes* were etched by J. Girtin, of No. 2, St. Martins-le-Grand, and Samuel Ireland. It was published at 4 guineas, and 368 copies were printed, but only 138 were issued.

G. HILDER LIBBIS.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 6 are now out of print. A few copies are left which we will sell at an enhanced price. Information on application to the publisher.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF BROWNING'S POETRY.

THE best criticism ever passed on the works of Browning are the lines written by his wife, then Miss Barrett, when she comments on the humanity of his poetry, the great difficulty which meets all who endeavour to get at its true meaning and appreciate its full beauty. The greatest characteristic of the poems of this great poet is his love of picturing men and women, human beings of all kinds and characters. Browning spent a great deal of his time in reading up old stories and legends which he might put into verse, and which he used chiefly as a means for revealing character. Another characteristic of the poet's works was his courage. He was wont to strike out new lines for himself, and to throw new lights on actions and deeds which the world had already judged, and on which it had passed its verdict, and unflinchingly would he point out the mistakes and injustice of that verdict. Browning was a great thinker, as well as a great poet. He shows in his poems the certainty of the existence of God and of the soul, and his great vigour and faith is of a kind to increase the vigour and faith of weaker souls. It was Browning's idea that evil was created that man might "develop his moral energy" by opposing it, and letting his failures lead up to his ultimate triumph. He also believed that every man in giving account for his soul on the last day, would be judged, not by what he has done, but by what he has tried to do. A comparison has been drawn between "An Apparent Failure," by Browning, and the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson,

and we are shown how much the two poets resemble each other in their deep spirituality, but that where Tennyson leaves things to the imagination, Browning, on the contrary, argues them out. Browning, from his youth up, was a religious man, and even in "Pauline" he shows a great depth of religious feeling. He often pictures the evil side of human nature as well as the good and beautiful, not because he enjoyed doing so, but because he wished his portraiture to be utterly and entirely truthful at any cost. His works differ greatly from those of Shakespeare in that while the latter portrays masses of people, the former loves to dwell on each individual character. Browning was a great lover of animals, and wrote two poems against vivisection, besides several others in which animals are mentioned, such for instance as "Donald," "The Lady and the Painter," etc. He did not write much about children, but his poems contain many famous portraits of women of all kinds and classes. His favourite characteristic in a woman was an "outwardly reserved and inwardly glowing spirit." He also lays great stress on faithfulness, which, he considers their chief beauty, and he does not think that they should be worshipped, but protected and pitied. His poems are full of love, a pure beautiful love, which manifests itself in "Pauline," and goes on through most if not all his works, and a great many references are made to his wife, to whom he was devoutly attached, and from whom he learnt the chief beauty of that love. Browning had, from his earliest youth, an intense admiration for Greek literature, and after his marriage his wife, who was a great Greek

scholar, was able to assist him and sympathise with him in the pursuit of his studies. The poet's great love of Italy, and especially of character, amongst the most famous of which rank "Andrea-del-Sarto," "In a Gondola," descriptions of Italian scenery, life, and opportunity in his poems to praise his brother Florence, was the source of many of his most beautiful productions, which are full of "The Boy and the Angel." Art and artists are frequently alluded to throughout his works, and many of his examples are taken from Italy, the land of artists. A love of music also shows itself in "Abt Vogler" and other pieces. He thought poetry, however, far higher and grander than either art or music, for he says, "it impinges on and illuminates all other arts." He takes the poets, thus Dante in "Sordello," Shelley in "Pauline," Keats in the "Two Poets of Croisic," and Shakespeare in "Bishop Blougram's Apology," Byron, Voltaire, and Rousseau also have their place. In his marvellous memory and his skill in the knowledge of foreign languages, he possessed a great advantage over his brother poets. His descriptions of Nature are true and vivid, and his pictures of Italian scenery in particular are of great beauty. The metres of Browning's poetry are often false and unsuited to his rhymes, and his blank verse in many cases is not true blank verse. His poetry also is often failing in melody and music, and is rude and crabbed. It has been said that Browning's poems contain more truth than beauty or pathos, and the keynote of his works is most certainly truth, and truth at all costs.

K. D.

## A BOOK OF THE MONTH.

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VICTORIAN NOVELISTS (James Oliphant).

Blackie and Sons Ltd.

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THE essay on the novel as an "art form" which constitutes the introductory portion of this book is, perhaps, the most interesting of all the chapters in it. There is a great deal of truth in the assertion that even to-day, when the novel has more or less emerged from its former atmosphere of disrepute, "it is not only that the constant novel-reader is looked at with suspicion, but one scarcely ever says 'I have been reading a novel,' without feeling that some kind of excuse is expected." The explanation is this would seem to lie in the reply to the question: "What is the relation of art to life, and what is the place of prose fiction among the arts?"

Art is the reproduction of natural objects of beauty, in such a manner as to appeal either directly to the sense of sight, taste, or hearing, or indirectly "by suggestion through the memory and imagination;" though "the mere imitation of Nature, as we are often told, is not art, there must be the transfiguring touch, the idealising power."

As regards its relation to life, art should be unconnected with the mere making of a livelihood, art should be more of a recreation, "necessary as oil to the wheels of labour." "The pleasures of art are not those which commonly enervate or degrade the character; they are not often purchased at the sacrifice of others' joy." And again, "joy is the flower

of life, and if we refuse to pluck it when it is within our grasp we are throwing away our birthright." Thus art should have a purifying, elevating effect on life, and, it appears, is neglected because of a hereditary suspicion that to indulge in its cultivation is to indulge in idleness. This suspicion is at its highest when we visit the theatre, decreasing through the various stages of relaxation: the novel, the picture gallery, and poetry, and is finally lulled when we listen to the music of a classical concert.

Mr. Oliphant contends that prose fiction "is the central art-form of the present day, if not also of the future." He uses the word *central* only to imply that "it is the art that is capable of the widest and most effective influence." He has taken up this position after a somewhat lengthy and careful comparison of the novel with other various art-forms, and principally with the drama. He explains how it is that, in spite of its importance, prose fiction has not entirely cleared itself of the stigma which has attached to it.

"The prose tale had always held a place as a form of art, but before the period when it began to assume its modern shape . . . it had no definite status, no recognised function in relation to natural life . . . It was through its capacity for reflecting the humorous side of life that the novel won for itself a higher position." In the hands of Rabelais, Cervantes, and Swift, this humour became brilliant satire, and in the nation against Puritanism the novel "found its opportunity at the moment when the less serious aspects of life were in the ascendant. This circumstance had a twofold effect. It

meant . . . that irresponsible writers like Smollett . . . had no need for scruple in choosing their methods, and . . . that serious writers like Richardson or Fielding . . . found their necessary material in a debased standard of means and taste. There were many qualities of greatness in the most noteworthy novels of last century, but it was an unfortunate start for an art-form with a noble destiny before it . . . There is still in our day much to do in vindicating for the novelist his true place and function, but the first great steps in the process were taken by Sir Walter Scott."

Starting with Scott and Jane Austen, the author traces the evolution of the novelist, through successive critical essays—Dickens, Thackeray, Bronte, George Eliot, George Meredith, Stephenson, Kipling, and Zangwill. Although, in his preface, he denies any claim to historical completeness, we are able to trace a certain logical sequence in the writers who have been selected for treatment. There are names which we would have wished to see included, but perhaps a further volume may make up this deficiency.

One prominent feature of Mr. Oliphant's criticism is the severity with which the earlier novelists are treated. With the exception of Jane Austin and Charlotte Bronte, the tone of apology which is somewhat imitatingly prevalent in dealing with George Eliot's faults is entirely absent. This is probably due to the fact that Scott and Dickens ignore that analysis of character without which the author would appear to deny the claim of any prose fiction to rank as art.

By far the greater portion of this book is

devoted to George Eliott and George Meredith, whose works are criticised with the care and consideration they are entitled to. Most people will probably have formed their own opinion of both writers, and though the popular objections to their works are met and combated, it is doubtful whether the explanation is always convincing. Sometimes it amounts to nothing less than an apology. The curious incident in *Diana of the Crossways*, where Diana sells her lover's secrets, is dealt with in a way that will hardly carry conviction. It would have been almost better to have left it alone.

Despite Mr. Oliphant's dislike of the "blugginess" in Stephenson's novels, the criticism is very fair. His shortcomings are so obvious, and his wonderful gift of direct representation so manifest as hardly to call for attention.

The book, as a whole, is well worthy association with others of Blackie's "Victorian Era Series," and should be carefully read by serious novel readers, before whom it may serve to bring many points not appreciated before.

R. J. NICHOLSON.

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## THE MAKING OF A CITIZEN.

### A NATIONAL BOYS' BRIGADE.

AT no time like the present have we realised the necessity of a productive recruiting ground for the British army and navy. Fortunately the war office has been forcibly awakened to the impolicy of slighting the volunteer forces which have, during the past few months, proved that, despite the treatment they have long experienced, military efficiency and valour are prerogatives not confined to regular troops. The scheme we are about to briefly discuss goes further back than the volunteers, and deals with the earlier period in a boy's life when he has not yet qualified for enlistment; and it is during the years that elapse between the ages of 14 and 17 that we shall discover the advantage of accustoming him to the discipline and healthy routine of a soldier's life.

The theory embodied in a little pamphlet, written by Archdeacon Wilson, of Rochdale, must have occurred to many at one time or another. Vaguely, and without defining it, we must have been conscious of the waste of good material as we noted the street loafer, starting as a tiny newspaper boy, or "arab," and descending through the gamut of wastrel-dom, until thoroughly imbued with the specious freedom from restraint that the life apparently offers, he ends his days no one knows exactly how, as an outcast of Society—a parasite. "There is a considerable pro-

portion of boys," the writer remarks, "who can never keep their places in factory, workshop, or office. They have in them the drop of wilder blood, the element that demands change, treatment of 'spirit' which Plato describes as qualifying men for the army. These boys, as everybody knows, struggle on for a time, trying one place after another. Some get tamed, but others do not." They are not by any means bad boys. He realises this with a degree of sympathy that characterises all useful work in this direction. They are of the spirit that has built up England's greatness. "Steady" boys are excellent in many ways, but, as a rule, they require none of the guidance, and possess but little of the daring, of restless, adventurous natures. They can take care of themselves, and be trusted to make money, and die respectably. The others, however, provoke a peculiar interest, and that interest must be utilised in directing the undisciplined energy into paths where it can be most profitably employed, namely the Army and the Navy.

To this end Archdeacon Wilson proposes that the Government should lend its aid to the organisation of an amalgamated Boys' Brigade, free from all restriction of religious denomination, and with the distinct object of so training the boys that, on their reaching the prescribed age they may join one of the Services.

His letter in the *Times*, of which the pamphlet that lies before us is a reprint, evoked much correspondence; and while the criticism is, as a rule, favourable and sympathetic, one or two objections raised, are worth noting. "You must not expect," writes one, "the War Office to take hold of any such

innovation with any great zeal." That we certainly do not. The consequences of zeal upon the aged formularists who compose that august body would be too horrible to contemplate. On the other hand we venture to hope that the severe shaking they have lately undergone at the hands of the public, may in some measure mitigate the supreme indifference to voluntary efforts they have hitherto displayed. The next objection is more serious. It is an ominous fact that a large body of opinion is strongly opposed to any form of military drill on the score of "militarism." There is no blinking that fact. We ourselves know of a case where a member of a Gordon Boys' Brigade, with a passion for "soldiering," and eminently fitted for the army, was prevented from enlisting by his mother. In the case of an only son, this is perhaps understandable, but if sentiment threatens to cut off our supplies, steps must be taken towards compulsory service. That is what it amounts to. Conscription, however distasteful to an Englishman, is the only remedy for this evil. As another correspondent states: "Some parents object to their boys joining the Church Lads' Brigade, because they fear that it will lead to their ultimate enlistment."

Many board school masters, anxious to instil some of this beneficial discipline into their children, experience the most annoying opposition from parents and others. No one will deny the truth of the following trenchant observations which are contained in a sympathetic letter to Archdeacon Wilson:—  
 " . . . A deplorable lack of respect for and regard of the duty of obedience to parents, and growing impatience of control or authority

in lads between the ages of 13 and 20. The results are the prevalence of a spirit of spurious independence, which makes bad or indifferent workmen, and creates an entirely selfish view of the duties of citizenship and the relations of individuals to the community."

It is perhaps difficult to distinguish between the mere drill exercise of a gymnasium and the military discipline of a cadet corps. We all know the lukewarmness of "gym." at school compared with the zest of "soldiering." Many will say that our schools have provision for gymnastic exercises, and therefore require nothing further. But even if we do not consider the subsequent enlistment of the boys, we are bound to admit that the advantages of the one bear no comparison with the results of the other. Only a comparatively few boys care for gymnastics, while the vast majority would willingly engage in military drill. It is not fair to stigmatise it as "filling their nostrils with gunpowder smoke."

Colonel Moore, of the Church Lads' Brigade, comments on the difficulty of obtaining attendance during the winter, when the technical classes commence, as "most of our best lads have to proceed with their studies." Now this endorses an opinion we have long held. The C. L. B. does *not* reach just those boys who need most looking after. It is *not* the good, studious, industrious boy whom we are striving to touch. It is the boy who *will not* go to night-school, who *will not* stick to his work, but who is condemned as a ne'er-do-well, and left to work out his own salvation—or damnation, as too frequently happens.

And this is what Archdeacon Wilson is anxious to prevent. In doing so he will make

not only a good soldier, but also a good citizen; for the material that the streets afford is as good, if not better, than the smug clerk or workman of commercial England. And such material treated sympathetically is as clay in the potter's hands, and may be moulded into a form beautiful to behold, and useful beyond count to the country.

R. J. N.

## FADS AND FADDISTS.

Is the faddist to be taken seriously, or is he to be regarded merely as a mild and quite harmless type of monomaniac? Some time ago I came into collision with that excellent and well-meaning body of pseudo humanitarians whose mission it is to prove to the world at large the uselessness, and the sin of experiments on animals in any shape or form. Now this is scarcely the place in which to indulge in a more or less dry and learned argument on the advantages that such experiments have, or have not, conferred on humanity, neither would a discussion on the ethical side of the question prove any more entertaining, but in connection with the query propounded at the head of this paragraph I should like to allude to the inconsistencies under which the anti-vivisectionist labours; and merely in parenthesis may I point out how misleading is the term "Vivisection." The most elementary student of orthography perceives at once that its meaning is "cutting up alive," whereas the legal significance of the word implies and covers all experiments on living animals; the majority of such experi-

ments under our present system being of a nature that could not possibly come under the literal meaning of the word by which, for want of a better, they are described.

The special inconsistencies to which I refer must be apparent to anyone who has given the subject even the most cursory attention. Opponents of the practices alluded to are to be found who consider fox hunting, coursing, and fishing, excellent sports worthy of all encouragement. Ladies (who figure largely in the ranks of anti-vivisectionists) will cheerfully and complacently decorate their headgear with the wings, heads, and frequently entire bodies of little birds, slaughtered in thousands for the purpose. Others will partake with relish of the epicurean *pâté de foie gras*, the preparation of which entails cruelty of a more or less refined nature. Parents who oppose experiments on animals, will have their children vaccinated, stipulating with their doctor that calf lymph must be used, and should one or other of their little ones fall ill of that rightly-dreaded disease diphtheria, they will avail themselves of the remedy which so far as medical knowledge goes is most effectual for its treatment, but which cannot be furnished without the much maligned experimentation, or rather (for the experimental stage is passed) inoculation of animals. Actions and sentiments so contradictory as these need some adequate explanation before the anti-vivisection societies can expect any considerable increment to their ranks.

But let it by no means be thought that the anti-vivisectionists are alone in the attitude they maintain, for they err, if err they do, in excellent company. I received some com-

munications a few days ago from an evidently very worthy and excellent gentleman. He, without in any way explaining the vagaries above referred to, stated that my remarks could apply only to flesh eaters, and that the vegetarian, or as he preferred to term it, frugiferous cult, were opposed not only to vivisection, but to the slaughter of animals, vaccination, the use of drugs, and various other terrible practices which are indulged in by a thoughtless and unthinking generation. Now here at least one would say we have consistency; for if these estimable people are sincere in their professions, they must, as regards their animal economy, live the life of our Darwinian ancestors; and he would be a bold man who would charge an anthropoid ape with inconsistency.

But the contradictory nature of the professed vegetarian is none the less clear and distinct if we investigate the matter a little further. From their writings we learn that "genuine instinct is a far more certain criterion of natural want than reason, is in fact the direct witness of hidden but Divine laws behind it." And yet the professing Christian vegetarian will ignore completely the trenchant argument that our Lord himself came, eating flesh and drinking wine, drawing down upon his head the sneers and contempt of those who had been equally severe upon his forerunner's ascetic principles, but none the less giving us an example in the nature of our daily sustenance which we need not fear to follow, anti-carnists (to coin a word) notwithstanding.

The fact is that all such questions should be left to the individual to determine for himself.

To state in general terms that because a diet of pea soup, mashed potatoes, and strawberries and cream, suits Jones, that therefore Robinson is disgracing humanity by lunching off a chop or steak, seems to me preposterous. And yet, if such an example as this be somewhat strained, it will be readily admitted by all who have come much into contact with the faddist on any question, that the views he holds with regard to his pet hobby are very much of this character. Glance for an instant at the rabid teetotaller. He frequently calls himself an advocate for temperance, but this is surely a misnomer. We are all agreed, I should hope, as to the magnitude of the evil wrought by over indulgence in strong drink, but does the consciousness of that evil warrant us in indulging in tirades of more or less veiled vituperation on the devoted heads of those quiet and peace-loving individuals who see no harm in the reasonable use of one of the gifts with which a bountiful providence has endowed mankind? The sabbatarian is another type of these misguided people, who, refusing to work in a rational way to endeavour to bring some of our submerged masses under the influence of a reasonable and charitable religion, waste their time and what influence they may possess, in an energetic warfare against Sunday bands, Sunday bicycling, and such like. By all means let us encourage church going, still more the true spirit of churchmanship, but to gird at a young man who indulges in a health-giving pastime on a Sunday, and who, for all that anyone knows may have attended a place of worship in the morning, is a selfish and contemptible proceeding.

## LIFE OF ROBERT BROWNING.

[CONTINUED.]

What, I wonder, will be the opinion of this latter class at the methods pursued by valiant Baden Powell and his colleagues for sustaining the spirits and health of his soldiers in the besieged town of Mafeking, undoubtedly a matter of paramount importance. This splendid officer did not hesitate to promote and encourage by all the means in his power every possible kind of Sunday diversion, including cricket matches, polo, concerts, and dances. Doubtless the day's proceedings had included a church parade, and what wonder then, that the remainder of the day of rest should be devoted to innocent enjoyment? And yet there are found some few to point the finger of scorn at these noble fellows who, carrying their lives in their hands, falling day by day from disease, as well as from shot and shell, and enduring hunger and all manner of privation, for the sake of England, home, and duty, yet in that they fail to reach the standard set up by a certain narrow-minded clique, are supposed by such to merit a measure of reproof if not of scorn. Alas for the ways of the faddist! Luckily England at large takes no cognisance of such petty extremists, and will know full well how to welcome her heroes home again.

R. W. W.

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THE ECLECTIC REVIEW may now be obtained of any of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Book-stalls. Should any difficulty be experienced in procuring a copy, a post-card to that effect should be sent at once to the publisher.

In 1861 the poet experienced a crushing sorrow in the death of his wife, who had been his beloved companion for so long. He wrote "Propice" about this time, and the poem shows very clearly his great faith, and how he was able to look beyond death in his terrible trouble. In 1868-69 Browning's great work, "The Ring and the Book," was published. The idea for the poem was obtained from an old book recording the trial of the Franceschini, which he had picked up in Florence. After his wife's death Browning came to reside in London with his son, where soon after his sister, Miss Browning, joined them. He still made journeys abroad every year, and the fruit of his trips were such poems as "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," "La Saisiaz," and "Asolando."

Browning was greatly blest in his friends, many of whom he refers to lovingly in his works, notably Miss Haworth, whom he calls "My English Eyebright," in "Lordello." John Forster, Datler Lands, and others are also mentioned. He dedicated "Stafford" to William Macready, and afterwards wrote "Pied Piper" for his little son Willie. He was made Honorary Fellow of Balliol, in 1868, and had also honorary degrees conferred on him by Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge. He took great pleasure in his son, who was an artist, and who married Miss Fanny Coddington, an American lady. Browning's works lost much of their beauty as he increased in

years. In 1889 he went to Venice to stay with his son and daughter. While there he was attacked by bronchitis and asthma, and died after a short illness at the age of seventy-seven. It was generally supposed that he would be buried beside his wife at Florence, but the English people requested that he should be interred in Westminster Abbey, where his body now lies in Poet's Corner.

K. D.

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### CORRESPONDENCE.

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*[The following was received too late for publication in last month's issue.]*

#### BEHAVIOUR AT ENGLISH CONCERTS.

To the Editor of the ECLECTIC REVIEW.

Dear sir,—Evidently courtesy and consideration for the feelings of others are two important features entirely out of fashion at a concert in these northern towns now-a-days, when life is such a rush that one has not a moment to spare even to stop and enquire after the health of a friend. I was fortunate to have a ticket given to me not long ago for one of a well-known series of concerts, but upon arriving only a short time before the commencement of the programme, I found the hall nearly filled, and so was obliged to sit rather far back. After the stampede before and during one of the last songs—a stampede which takes place at every concert, no matter at what hour it may begin or finish, and which could surely be obviated by keeping the doors locked during each item—there was com-

parative silence, until, as if by a given signal the audience with one accord began the folding up and putting away of large, and thick, and therefore (in England) noisy programmes. Thus the last two verses of a song which I had a great desire to hear became almost inaudible. Seeing that it is almost impossible to teach people that this is hardly the correct or polite thing to do, to say nothing of the discomfort to those who are desirous of listening to every note of music that is vouchsafed them, apparently the only remedy is to provide the audience with programmes that do not creak or rustle. It sometimes happens that one has occasion to turn over during a song, and this it is very difficult to do noiselessly, so long as our programmes are printed on such thick paper. Why not copy the German idea? How very far superior theirs are compared to ours may be gathered from the fact that not only are their programmes entirely noiseless, but are also lighter and pleasanter to handle, and have a more expensive appearance. The paper on which they are printed is called waterleaf; it is hand made, and composed of unsized cotton rags, and I believe comes from Italy or Holland. It has a very rough surface which is obtained by pressing the paper between two blankets, and the edges are deckled. I can only wonder that such programmes have not come into vogue long ago, and most sincerely trust that before long we may see and use them at every concert in England.

K. C. N.